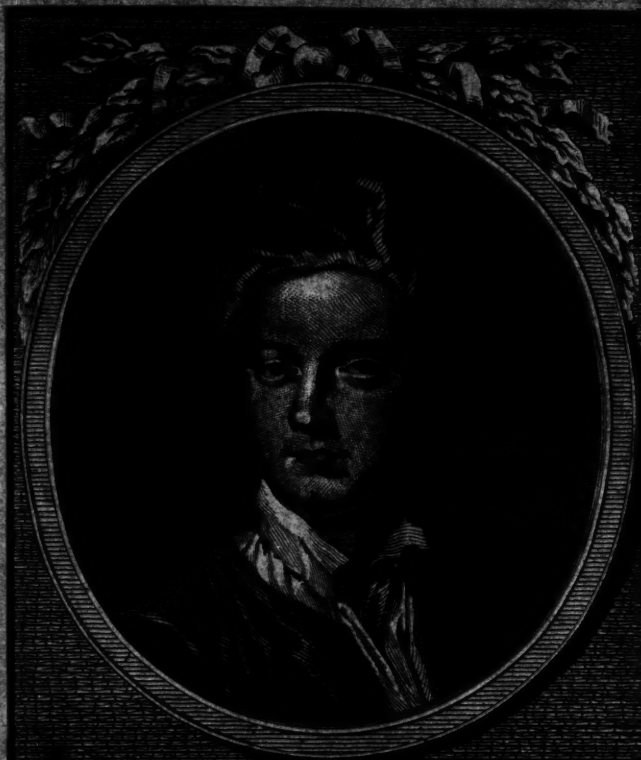
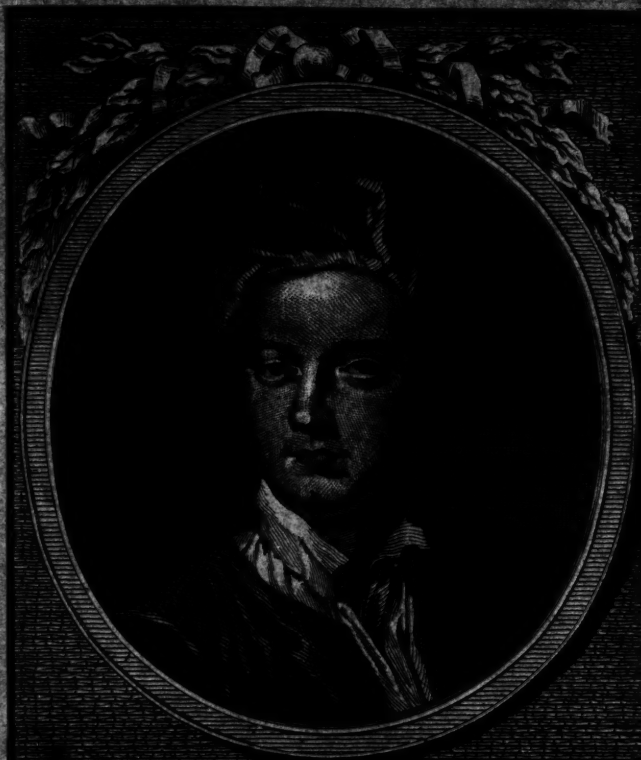




LORD LANSDOWN

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Street London Jan. 1780. *2d. 5s.*



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE RIGHT HON.
GEO. GRANVILLE,
LORD LANSDOWNE.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

For impious greatness vengeance is in store ;
Short is the date of all ill-gotten pow'r-----
Fearless he fees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempest rage, and hears the thunder sound ;
Ever the same, let Fortune smile or frown,
On the red scaffold or the blazing throne ;
Serenely as he liv'd resigns his breath,
Meets Destiny half way, nor shrinks at death-----
An honest heart, a conscience free from blame,
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name-----
Place me, ye Pow'rs ! in some obscure retreat ;
O keep me innocent, make others great !
In quiet shades, content with rural sports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
Where, free from hopes or fears, in humble ease,
Unheard of, I may live and die in peace.

IMITAT. SENECA. THYEST.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE RIGHT HON.
GEORGE GRANVILLE,
LORD LANSDOWNE.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES, EPISTLES, SONGS,		PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, IMITATIONS, DRAMATIC POEMS,
---	-----------	--

&c. &c. &c.

The virtuous nothing fear but life with shame,
 And death 's a pleasant road that leads to fame.
 On bones and scraps of dogs let me be fed,
 My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
 To bleakest cold, a kennel be my bed :
 This, and all other martyrdom, for thee
 Seems glorious all, thrice-beauteous Honesty!
 Judge me, ye Pow'rs ! let Fortune tempt or frown,
 I stand prepar'd ; my honour is my own----
 For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers' school,
 Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool----
 What can I hope in courts, or how succeed?
 Tigers and wolves shall in the ocean breed,
 The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
 And ev'ry element exchange its kind,
 Ere thriving Honesty in courts we find.

}

}

VERSES TO MRS. HIGGONS.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

POTENTIAL WORKS

GEORGE OKAWILL

LORD LANSDOWNE

CONTAINING HIS

MEMOIRS, &c.

BY THE REV. J. G. ...

... ..



... ..

AT THE

... ..

THE LIFE OF

G. GRANVILLE, L. LANSDOWNE.

L. LANSDOWNE was descended from an illustrious family, which traced their ancestry from Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy. He was second son of Bernard Granville, and grandson of the famous Sir Bevil Granville, killed at the battle of Lansdowne 1643. This nobleman received the first tincture of his education in France, under the tuition of Sir William Ellis, a gentleman, who was eminent afterwards in many public employments.

When our Author was but eleven years of age he was sent to Trinity-College in Cambridge, where he remained five years, but at the age of thirteen was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, having before he was twelve years old spoken a copy of English verses, of his own composition, to the Duchess of York, when her Royal Highness paid a visit to that university.

At the time when the nation was embroiled by the public distractions, occasioned by the efforts of King James II. to introduce Popery, Lord Lansdowne did not remain an unconcerned spectator: he had early imbibed principles of loyalty, and as some of his forefathers had fallen in the cause of Charles I. he thought it was his duty to sacrifice his life also for the interest

of his sovereign. However mistaken he might be in this furious zeal for a prince the chief scope of whose reign was to overthrow the law and introduce absolute dominion, yet he appears to be perfectly sincere. In a letter he wrote to his father upon the expected approach of the Prince of Orange's fleet, he expresses the most ardent desire to serve the King in person *. This letter we shall insert, but beg our readers' patience to make a digression, which will justify what we have said concerning James II.

The genuine mark of a tyrant is cruelty; and it is with concern we can produce an instance of the most inhuman barbarity in that prince which ever stained the annals of any reign. Cruelty should be the badge of no party; it ought to be equally the abhorrence of all; and whoever is tainted with it should be set up to view as a terror to the world, as a monster, whom it is the interest of mankind to destroy.

After the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion, many of the unfortunate persons engaged in it fled to London, and took shelter there, till the Act of Indemnity should be published. They who afforded them shelter were either of the Monmouth faction or induced, from principles of humanity, to administer to their safety. What would become of the world if our friends were always to forsake us in distress? There lived then in London an amiable lady, attached to no

* General Dict. art. *Granville*.

party, who enjoyed a large fortune, which she spent in the exercise of the most extensive beneficence: she made it her business to visit the jails, and the prisoners who were most necessitous and deserving she relieved: her house was an asylum for the poor: she lived but for charity, and she had every hour the prayers of the widow and orphan poured out to her. It happened that one of the rebels found shelter in her house; she suffered him to be screened there; she fed and clothed him. The King had often declared that he would rather pardon those who were found in arms against him than the people who harboured or secretly encouraged them. This miscreant, who sometimes ventured out at night to a public house, was informed that the King had made such a declaration, and it entered into his base heart to betray his benefactress. He accordingly went before a magistrate, and lodged an information, upon which the lady was secured, brought to a trial, and, upon the evidence of this ungrateful villain, cast for her life. She suffered at a stake with the most resigned cheerfulness; for when a woman is convicted of treason, it seems she is sentenced to be burnt*. The reader will easily judge what sort of bowels that king must have who could permit such a punishment to take place upon a woman so completely amiable, upon the evidence of a villain so con-

* See Burnet's History of his own Times.

summately infamous, and he will, we are persuaded, be of opinion, that had his Majesty possessed a thousand kingdoms he deserved to lose them all for this one act of genuine barbarity.

Lord Lansdowne, who did not consider, or was not then capable of discovering, the dangers to which this prince exposed his people, wrote the following letter to his father, earnestly pressing him to permit his entering voluntarily into King James's service.

"SIR,
"Your having no prospect of obtaining a commission for me, can no way alter or cool my desire, at this important juncture, to venture my life, in some manner or other, for my king and country. I cannot bear to live under the reproach of lying obscure and idle, in a country retirement, when every man who has the least sense of honour should be preparing for the field. You may remember, Sir, with what reluctance I submitted to your commands upon Monmouth's rebellion, when no importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the academy: I was too young to be hazarded; but, give me leave to say, it is glorious, at any age, to die for one's country; and the sooner the nobler sacrifice: I am now older by three years. My uncle Bath was not so old when he was left among the slain at the battle of Newberry, nor you yourself, Sir, when you made your escape from your tutors to join

“ your brother in the defence of Scilly. The same cause
“ is now come round about again. The King has been
“ misled; let those who misled him be answerable for
“ it. No body can deny but he is sacred in his own per-
“ son, and it is every honest man’s duty to defend it.
“ You are pleased to say it is yet doubtful if the Hol-
“ landers are rash enough to make such an attempt.
“ But be that as it will, I beg leave to be presented to
“ his Majesty as one whose utmost ambition is to de-
“ vote his life to his service and my country’s, after the
“ example of all my ancestors. The gentry assembled
“ at York to agree upon the choice of representa-
“ tives for the county, have prepared an address to
“ assure his Majesty they are ready to sacrifice their
“ lives and fortunes for him upon this and all other
“ occasions; but at the same time they humbly beseech
“ him to give them such magistrates as may be agree-
“ able to the laws of the land, for at present there is
“ no authority to which they can legally submit. By
“ what I can hear, every body wishes well to the King,
“ but would be glad his ministers were hanged. The
“ winds continue so contrary, that no landing can be
“ so soon as was apprehended, therefore I may hope,
“ with your leave and assistance, to be in readiness be-
“ fore any action can begin. I beseech you, Sir, most
“ humbly, and most earnestly, to add this one act of
“ indulgence more to so many testimonies I have so
“ constantly received of your goodness, and be plea-

“ fed to believe me always, with the utmoſt duty and
 “ ſubmiſſion, Your’s,” &c.

We are not told whether his father yielded to his importunity, or whether he was preſented to his Ma- jeſty; but if he really joined the army, it was without danger to his perſon, for the Revolution was effected in England without one drop of blood.

In 1696 his comedy called *The She Gallants* was acted at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln’s-Inn Fields*. He afterwards altered this comedy, and publiſhed it among his other Works, under the title of *Once a Lover and Always a Lover*, which, as he obſerves in the preface, is a new building upon an old foundation.

“ It appeared firſt under the name of *The She Gal-
 “ lants*, and, by the preface then prefixed to it, is ſaid
 “ to have been the child of a child. By taking it ſince
 “ under examination ſo many years after, the Au-
 “ thor flatters himſelf to have made a correct comedy
 “ of it; he found it regular to his hand; the ſcene con-
 “ ſtant to one place, the time not exceeding the bounds
 “ preſcribed, and the action entire. It remained only
 “ to clear the ground, and to plant, as it were, freſh
 “ flowers in the room of thoſe which were grown into
 “ weeds, or were faded by time; to retouch and vary
 “ the characters, enliven the painting, retrench the
 “ ſuperfluous, and animate the action, where it ap-
 “ peared the young Author ſeemed to aim at more
 “ than he had ſtrength to perform.”

* General Dict. art. *Granville*.

The same year also his tragedy, entitled *Heroic Love*, was acted at the Theatre. Mr. Gildon observes, "That this tragedy is written after the manner of the Ancients, which is much more natural and easy than that of our modern dramatists." Though we cannot agree with Mr. Gildon that the ancient model of tragedy is so natural as the modern, yet this piece must have very great merit, since we find Mr. Dryden addressing verses to the Author upon this occasion, which begin thus,

Auspicious Poet! wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy what I must commend?
But since 'tis Nature's law, in love and wit,
That youth should reign, and with'ring age submit,
With less regret those laurels I resign,
Which dying on my brow revive on thine.

Our Author wrote also a dramatic poem called *The British Enchanters* *, in the preface to which he observes, "That it is the first essay of a very infant Muse, rather as a task at such hours as were free from other exercises than any way meant for public entertainment. But Mr. Betterton, having had a casual sight of it, many years after it was written, begged it for the stage, where it found so favourable a reception as to have an uninterrupted run of at least forty days." To this Mr. Addison wrote the epilogue. Lord Lansdowne altered Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, under the title of *The Jew of*

* It was called *A Dramatic Opera*, and was decorated at a great expense, and intermixed with songs, dances, &c.

Venice, which was acted with applause, the profits of which were designed for Mr. Dryden, but upon that poet's death were given to his son.

In 1702 he translated into English *The Second Olynthian* of Demosthenes. He was returned member for the county of Cornwall in the parliament which met in November 1710, and was soon after made Secretary of War, next Comptroller of the Household, and then Treasurer, and sworn one of the Privy Council. The year following he was created Baron Lansdowne of Biddeford in Devonshire.

On the accession of George I. in 1714, he was removed by that prince from his Treasurer's place; the next year he entered his protest against the bills for attainting Lord Bolingbroke and the Duke of Ormond, and entered deeply into the scheme for raising an insurrection in the west of England, of which, Lord Bolingbroke says, he was at the head, and represents him as possessed of the same political fire and frenzy for the Pretender as he had shown in his youth for the father. Accordingly he was seized as a suspected person, and on the 26th of September 1715 was committed prisoner to the Tower, where he continued till the 8th of February 1717, when he was set free from imprisonment. Being confined in the same room in which Sir Robert Walpole had been prisoner, and had left his name on the window, he wrote these lines under it:

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
 Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
 Some rais'd aloft come tumbling down again,
 And fall so hard they bound and rise again.

In 1719 he made a speech in the House of Lords against the practice of occasional conformity, which is printed among his works, and among other things he says this: "I always understood the toleration to be meant as an indulgence to tender consciences, not a license for hardened ones; and that the act to prevent occasional conformity was designed only to correct a particular crime of particular men, in which no sect of Dissenters was included but these followers of Judas which came to the Lord's Supper from no other end but to sell and betray him. This crime, however palliated and defended by so many right reverend fathers in the Church, is no less than making the God of truth, as it were, in person, subservient to acts of hypocrisy; no less than sacrificing the mystical blood and body of our Saviour to worldly and sinister purposes, an impiety of the highest nature! which in justice called for protection, and in charity for prevention. The bare receiving the holy Eucharist could never be intended simply as a qualification for an office, but as an open declaration, an undubitable proof, of being and remaining a sincere member of the Church. Whoever presumes to receive it with any other view profanes it, and may be said to seek his promotion

“in this world by eating and drinking his own damnation in the next.”

In 1722 his Lordship withdrew to France, and continued abroad about ten years. At his return in 1732 he published a fine edition of his Works in two volumes quarto. The remaining years of his life were passed in privacy and retirement.

This accomplished nobleman died on the 30th January 1735, leaving no male issue. By his lady, widow of Thomas Thynne, Esq. (father of Thomas Lord Viscount Weymouth) and daughter of Edward Villiers, Earl of Jersey, he had issue four daughters, Anne, Mary, Grace, and Elizabeth. His lady died but a few days before him.

Mr. Pope, with many other poets of the first eminence, have celebrated Lord Lansdowne, who seems to have been a good-natured agreeable nobleman. The lustre of his station, no doubt, procured him more incense than the force of his genius would otherwise have attracted; but he appears not to have been destitute of fine parts, which were, however, rather elegantly polished than great in themselves.

Lord Lansdowne likewise wrote a mask called *Peleus and Thetis*. His Lordship's Works have been often printed both in quarto and in duodecimo*.

* This edition is printed from the quarto of 1732, published under his Lordship's inspection. See the following *Preface* for the reasons of that edition.

THE PREFACE.

AT my return, after near ten years' absence, I found several editions had been published of Verses and Poems, &c. under my name, but so maimed and imperfect as would have put me out of countenance, had not the public received them with such distinguishing candour, even under all those disadvantages.

As it is plain, from their several subjects, that they were composed, for the most part, in the earliest time of my appearance in the world, I can attribute that indulgence to no other consideration but a generous connivance at youthful follies.

So favourable a reception, however, led me, in this time of leisure and retirement, to examine upon what foundation I had been so much obliged to the public, and in that examination I have discovered such strange variations from the original writing, as can no way be accounted for but from the negligence, ignorance, or conceitedness, of different transcribers from surreptitious copies: many things attributed to myself of which, by not belonging to me, it would be unjust to assume the merit; and as many attributed to others which, by belonging to me, would be as much unjust to leave them to the censure.

To rectify therefore all past mistakes, and to prevent all future impositions, I have been prevailed upon to give way to this present publication; disowning

whatever has been or may hereafter be published in my name, but what has the sanction of being printed by Mr. Jacob Tonson and Mr. Lawton Gilliver, excepting two comedies, entitled *Once a Lover and Always a Lover*, and *The Jew of Venice*, altered from Shakespeare.

As these Poems seem to begin where Mr. Waller left off, though far unequal and short of so inimitable an original, they may, however, be permitted to remain to posterity as a faithful register of the reigning beauties in the succeeding age.

Upon that merit alone the Author presumes to recommend them to the patronage of the fair sex.

LANSDOWNE.

POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

MR. WALLER TO THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS VERSES TO THE KING.

AN early plant which such a blossom bears,
And shows a genius so beyond his years,
A judgment that could make so fair a choice, 3
So high a subject to employ his voice,
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
The growing greatness of our matchless King! 6

VERSES

SENT TO THE AUTHOR IN HIS RETIREMENT.

Written by Mrs. Elizabeth Higsons.

I.

WHY, Granville! is thy life to shades confin'd?
Thou whom the gods design'd
In public to do credit to mankind? }
Why sleeps the noble ardour of thy blood,
Which from thy ancestors so many ages past, 5
From Rollo down to Bevil flow'd,
And then appear'd again at last
In thee, when thy victorious lance *
Bore the disputed prize from all the youth of France.

* At a carousal at Paris, in the year 1689.

II.

In the first trials which are made for fame, 10
 Those to whom Fate success denies,
 If, taking counsel from their shame,
 They modestly retreat, are wise:
 But why should you, who still succeed,
 Whether with graceful art you lead 15
 The fiery barb, or with as graceful motion tread
 In shining balls, where all agree
 To give the highest praise to thee?
 Such harmony in ev'ry motion's found
 As art could ne'er express by any sound. 20

III.

So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
 Why, why should you from courts and camps retire?
 If Mira is unkind, if it can be
 That any nymph can be unkind to thee,
 If, pensive made by love, you thus retire, 25
 Awake your Muse, and string your lyre;
 Your tender song and your melodious strain
 Can never be address'd in vain;
 She needs must love, and we shall have you back 30
 again.

MISCELLANIES.

SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR,

Being then not twelve years of age,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK,

At Trinity-College in Cambridge.

WHEN, join'd in one, the good, the fair, the great,
Descend to view the Muses' humble seat,
Tho' in mean lines they their vast joys declare,
Yet for sincerity and truth they dare
With your own Tasso's mighty self compare.

Then, bright and merciful as Heav'n, receive
From them such praises as to Heav'n they give;
Their praises for that gentle influence
Which those auspicious lights, your eyes, dispense;
Those radiant eyes, whose irresistible flame
Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:
They can to gazing multitudes give law,
Convert the factious, and the rebel awe:
They conquer for the Duke; where'er you tread
Millions of profelytes behind are led:
Thro' crowds of new-made converts still you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious show.
Happy that prince who has in you obtain'd
A greater conquest than his arms e'er gain'd.

With all war's rage he may abroad o'ercome, 20
 But love's a gentler victory at home:
 Securely here he on that face relies,
 Lays by his arms, and conquers with your eyes,
 And all the glorious actions of his life
 Thinks well rewarded, bless'd with such a wife. 25

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF

MR. EDMUND WALLER,

UPON HIS DEATH.

ALIKE partaking of celestial fire,
 Poets and heroes to renown aspire,
 Till, crown'd with honour and immortal name,
 By wit or valour led to equal fame,
 They mingle with the gods who breath'd the }
 noble flame. 5

To high exploits the praises that belong
 Live but as nourish'd by the poet's song.

A tree of life is sacred poetry;
 Sweet is the fruit, and tempting to the eye:
 Many there are who nibble without leave, 10
 But none who are not born to taste survive.

Waller shall never die, of life secure
 As long as Fame or aged Time endure:
 Waller! the Muse's darling, free to taste
 Of all their stores, the master of the feast; 15

Not like old Adam, stinted in his choice,
But lord of all the spacious paradise.

Those foes to virtue, fortune, and mankind,
Fav'ring his fame, once to do justice join'd;
No carping critic interrupts his praise,
No rival strives but for a second place;
No want constrain'd (the writer's usual fate)
A poet with a plentiful estate;
The first of mortals who before the tomb
Struck that pernicious monster, Envy, dumb;
Malice and Pride, those savages, disarm'd;
Not Orpheus with such pow'rful magic charm'd.
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more
Than, living, we agreed to give before.

His noble Muse employ'd her gen'rous rage
In crowning virtue, scorning to engage
The vice and follies of an impious age.
No Satyr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods, abound:
Glory, and arms, and love, is all the sound.
His Eden with no serpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Mistaken men his Muse of flatt'ry blame,
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name.
We raise our own by giving fame to foes:
The valour that he prais'd he did oppose.

Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
The state and bus'ness shar'd his ample mind:

As all the fair were captives to his wit,
 So senates to his wisdom would submit. 45
 His voice so soft, his eloquence so strong,
 Like Cato's was his speech, like Ovid's was his song.

Our British kings are rais'd above the hearse,
 Immortal made in his immortal verse;
 No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes, 50
 But the celestial Charles's and just James:
 Juno and Pallas, all the shining race
 Of heav'nly beauties, to the Queen give place:
 Clear like her brow, and graceful, was his song,
 Great like her mind, and like her virtue strong. 55

Parent of gods! who dost to gods remove,
 Where art thou plac'd, and which thy seat above?
 Waller the god of Verse we will proclaim;
 Not Phœbus now, but Waller, be his name:
 Of joyful bards the sweet seraphic quire 60
 Acknowledge thee their oracle and fire;
 The spheres do homage, and the Muses sing
 Waller the god of Verse who was the king. 63

ON THE QUEEN'S PICTURE,

GIVEN IN EXCHANGE FOR ANOTHER.

Of the rude Indians, artless and untaught,
 So brightest jewels are with trifles bought:
 Deceiv'd Ixion's fate revers'd is show'd,
 Imperial Juno giv'n for a cloud. 4

ON THE QUEEN.

WHEN we reflect upon our charming Queen,
 Her wit, her beauty, her imperial mien,
 Majestic Juno in her air we find, 3
 The form of Venus, with Minerva's mind:
 Who was so grac'd, she, she was fit alone
 With royal James to fill the British throne. 6

LOVE.

To love is to be doom'd on earth to feel
 What after death the tortur'd meet in hell.
 The vulture dipping in Prometheus' side
 His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
 Is love. The stone that labours up the hill, 5
 Mocking the lab'rer's toil, returning still,
 Is love. Those streams where Tantalus is curst
 To sit, and never drink, with endless thirst;
 Those loaden boughs that with their burthen bend
 To court his taste, and yet escape his hand; 10
 All this is love, that to dissembled joys
 Invites vain men, with real grief destroys. 12

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THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

THE god of Day, descending from above,
 Mix'd with the sea, and got the queen of Love.
 Beauty that fires the world 't was fit should rise
 From him alone who lights the stars and skies.
 In Cyprus long, by men and gods obey'd, 5
 The lovers' toil she gratefully repaid;
 Promiscuous blessings to her slaves assign'd,
 And taught the world that Beauty should be kind.
 Learn by this pattern, all ye fair! to charm; 9
 Bright be your beams, but without scorching warm.

Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
 With much expense of blood and empire fought.
 Beauty and love the noblest cause afford
 That can try valour or employ the sword:
 Not men alone incited by her charms, 15
 But Heav'n's concern'd, and all the gods take arms.
 The happy Trojan, gloriously possest,
 Enjoys the dame, and leaves to Fate the rest.
 Your cold reflections, Moralists! forbear;
 His title's best who best can please the fair. 20

And now the gods, in pity to the cares,
 The fierce desires, distractions, and despairs
 Of tortur'd men, while Beauty was confin'd,
 Resolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
 Greece was the land where this bright race begun, 25
 And saw a thousand rivals to the sun;

Hence follow'd arts, while each employ'd his care,
 In new productions, to delight the fair.
 To bright Aspasia Socrates retir'd;
 His wisdom grew but as his love inspir'd. 30
 Those rocks and oaks which such emotions felt,
 Were cruel maids whom Orpheus taught to melt.
 Music and songs, and ev'ry way to move
 The ravish'd heart, were seeds and plants of love.

The gods, entic'd by so divine a birth, 35
 Descend from heav'n to this new heav'n on earth.
 Thy wit, O Mercury! is no defence from love;
 Nor, Mars! thy target; nor thy thunder, Jove! 38
 The mad immortals, in a thousand shapes,
 Range the wide globe: some yield, some suffer }
 Invaded or deceiv'd not one escapes: [rapes;
 The wise, tho' a bright goddess, thus gives place
 To mortal concubines of fresh embrace.
 By such examples were we taught to see
 The life and soul of love is sweet variety. 45

In those first times, ere charming womankind
 Reform'd their pleasures, polishing the mind,
 Rude were their revels, and obscene their joys,
 The broils of drunkards, and the lust of boys:
 Phœbus laments for Hyacinthus dead, 50
 And Juno, jealous, storms at Ganymede.

Return, my Muse! and close that odious scene,
 Nor stain thy verse with images unclean:

Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,
 Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art;
 The first who gave recruited slaves to know
 That the rich pearl was of more use than show;
 Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught,
 Kept love for ever flowing and full fraught.
 Julius and Anthony, those lords of all,
 Each in his turn, present the conquer'd ball;
 Those dreadful Eagles that had fac'd the light
 From pole to pole, fall dazzled at her sight:
 Nor was her death less glorious than her life,
 A constant mistress, and a faithful wife.
 Her dying truth some gen'rous tears would cost,
 Had not her fate inspir'd "The World Well Lost *."
 With secret pride the ravish'd Muses view
 The image of that death which Dryden drew.

Pleas'd in such happy climates, warm and bright,
 Love for some ages revell'd with delight.
 The martial Moors, in gallantry refin'd;
 Invent new arts to make their charmers kind.
 See! in the lists, by golden barriers bound,
 In warlike ranks they wait the trumpet's sound;
 Some love-device is wrought on ev'ry sword,
 And ev'ry ribbon bears some mystic word:
 As when we see the winged winds engage,
 Mounted on couriers foaming flame and rage,

* All For Love; or, The World Well Lost. Written by Mr.
 Dryden.

Rustling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
 North, east, and west, in airy swiftneſs vie,
 One cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare
 To meet as fierce, and form a thund'ring war: 110
 So when the trumpet ſounding gives the ſign,
 The juſtling chiefs in rude rencounter join;
 So meet, and ſo renew the dext'rous fight,
 Each fair beholder trembling for her knight,
 Still as one falls another ruſhes in, 115
 And all muſt be o'ercome or none can win:
 The victor, from the ſhining dame whoſe eyes
 Aided his conqu'ring arm, receives a precious prize.

Thus flouriſh'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in ſtate,
 Till the proud Spaniard gave theſe glories date: 120
 Paſt is the gallantry, the fame remains,
 Tranſmitted ſafe in Dryden's lofty ſcenes:
 Granada * loſt beheld her pomps reſtor'd,
 And Almahide † once more by kings ador'd.

Love, driven thence, to colder Britain flies, 125
 And with bright nymphs the diſtant ſun ſupplies;
 Romances, which relate the dreadful fights,
 The loves and prowels of advent'rous knights,
 To animate their rage, a kiſs record
 From Britain's faireſt nymph was the reward. 130
 Thus ancient to Love's empire was the claim
 Of Britiſh beauty, and ſo wide the fame,

* The Conqueſt of Granada. Written by Mr. Dryden.
 † The part of Almahide performed by Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn,
 miſtreſs to King Charles II.

Which, like our flag upon the seas, gives law
By right avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.

Our gallant kings, of whom large annals prove
The mighty deeds, stand as renown'd for love: 136
A monarch's right o'er Beauty they may claim,
Lords of that ocean from whence Beauty came.

Thy Rosamond, great Henry! on the stage
By a late Muse presented in our age, 140
With aching hearts and flowing eyes we view,
While that dissembled death presents the true?

In Bracegirdle * the persons so agree,
That all seems real the spectators see.

Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings 145
Thy captives, Edward! Fame for ever sings;
Like thy high deeds thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who hast to Love the noblest trophy rais'd.
Thy statues, Venus! tho' by Phidias' hand
Design'd immortal, yet no longer stand; 150

The magic of thy shining zone is past,
But Salisbury's garter shall for ever last,
Which, thro' the world by living monarchs worn,
Adds grace to sceptres, and does crowns adorn.

If such their fame who gave these rights divine
To sacred Love, O what dishonour 's thine, 156
Forgetful Queen! who sever'd that bright head †
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed?

* A famous actress.

† Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth.

Hadst thou been born a man, thou hadst not err'd;
 Thy fame had liv'd, and Beauty been prefer'd. 160
 But, O! what mighty magic can assuage
 A woman's envy and a bigot's rage?

Love tir'd at length, Love! that delights to smile,
 Flying from scenes of horror, quits our isle*:
 With Charles the Cupids and the Graces gone, 165
 In exile live, for Love and Charles were one:
 With Charles he wanders, and for Charles he mourns;
 But, O! how fierce the joy when Charles returns!
 As eager flames, with opposition pent,
 Break out impetuous when they find a vent; 170
 As a fierce torrent bounded in his race,
 Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled pace;
 From the loud palace to the silent grove,
 All by the King's example live and love;
 The Muses with diviner voices sing, 175
 And all rejoice to please the godlike king.

Then Waller in immortal verse proclaims
 The shining court, and all the glitt'ring dames.
 Thy beauty Sidney †, like Achilles' sword,
 Resistless stands upon as sure record; 180
 The fiercest hero and the brightest dame,
 Both sung alike, shall have their fate the same.

* The rebellion, and death of King Charles I.

† The Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Mr. Waller under the name of Sacharissa.

And now, my Muse! a nobler flight prepare,
 And sing so loud that heav'n and earth may hear.
 Behold from Italy an awful ray
 Of heav'nly light illuminates the day,
 Northward she bends, majestically bright,
 And here she fixes her imperial light.
 Be bold, be bold, my Muse! nor fear to raise
 Thy voice to her who was thy earliest praise:
 What tho' the fullen Fates refuse to shine,
 Or frown severe on thy audacious line?
 Keep thy bright theme within thy steady sight,
 The clouds shall fly before the dazzling light,
 And everlasting day direct thy lofty flight.

Thou who has never yet put on disguise
 To flatter faction, or descend to vice,
 Let no vain fear thy generous ardour tame,
 But stand erect, and sound as loud as Fame.

As when our eyes some prospect would pursue,
 Descending from a hill, looks round to view,
 Passes o'er lawns and meadows, till it gains
 Some fav'rite spot, and, fixing, there remains;
 With equal rapture my transported Muse
 Flies other objects, this bright theme to chuse.

Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our sight,
 A monarch's pride, his glory, and delight;
 Princess ador'd and lov'd! if verse can give
 A deathless name, thine shall for ever live;

Invok'd where'er the British Lion roars, 210
 Extended as the seas that gird the British shores.
 The wise immortals in their seats above,
 To crown their labours, still appointed Love:
 Phœbus enjoy'd the goddess of the Sea,
 Alcides had Omphale, James has thee. 215
 O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
 Grudge not the world, for still thy queen is kind,
 To lie but at whose feet more glory brings
 Than 't is to tread on sceptres and on kings:
 Secure of empire in that beauteous breast, 220
 Who would not give their crowns to be so blest?
 Was Helen half so fair, so form'd for joy,
 Well chose the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
 But, ah! what strange vicissitudes of fate,
 What chance, attends on ev'ry worldly state! 225
 As when the skies were sack'd, the conquer'd gods,
 Compell'd from heav'n, forsook their blest'd abodes,
 Wand'ring in woods they hid from den to den,
 And sought their safety in the shapes of men:
 As when the winds with kindling flames conspire,
 The blaze increases as they fan the fire, 231
 From roof to roof the burning torrent pours,
 Nor spares the palace nor the loftiest tow'rs;
 Or as the stately pine, erecting high
 Her lofty branches, shooting to the sky, 235
 If riven by the thunderbolt of Jove,
 Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,

Level with lowest shrubs lies the tall head
That rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was spread:

So — — — — — 240

But cease, my Muse! thy colours are too faint;
Hide with a veil those griefs which none can paint.

This sun is set—but see in bright array
What hosts of heav'nly light recruit the day!

Love in a shining galaxy appears 245

Triumphant still, and Grafton leads the stars:

Ten thousand Loves, ten thousand several ways,

Inva'de adoring crowds, who die to gaze;

Her eyes, resistless as the Syren's voice,

So sweet 's the charm we make our fate our choice.

Who most resembles her let next be nam'd, 251

Villiers*, for wisdom and deep judgment fam'd;

Of a high race victorious Beauty brings

To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.

With what delight my Muse to Sandwich flies,

Whose wit is piercing as her sparkling eyes! 256

Ah! how she mounts, and spreads her airy wings,

And tunes her voice, when she of Ormond sings,

Of radiant Ormond! only fit to be

The successor of beauteous Ossory! 260

Richmond's a title that, but nam'd, implies

Majestic graces and victorious eyes.

Fair Villiers first, then haughty Stewart came, *

And Brud'nel now no less adorns the name,

* Countess of Orkney.

Dorset already is immortal made 265

In Prior's verse, nor needs a second aid.

By Bentinck and fair Rutenberg we find

That beauty to no climate is confin'd.

Rupert, of royal blood, with modest grace

Blushes to hear the triumphs of her face. 270

Not Helen with St. Albans might compare.

Nor let the Muse omit Scroop, Holms, and Hare. }

Hyde Venus is, the Graces are Kildare. }

Soft and delicious, as a southern sky, 274

Are Dashwood's smiles; when Darnley* frowns we

Careless, but yet secure of conquest, still [die.

Lu'son, unaiming, never fails to kill† :

Guiltless of pride, to captivate or shine,

Bright without art, she wounds without design.

But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart 280

And takes a cruel pleasure in the smart;

Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,

Delights in wounds, and kills for killing sake;

Asserting the dominion of her eyes,

As heroes fight for glory, not for prize. 285

The skilful Muse's earliest care has been

The praise of never-fading Mazarine;

The poet || and his theme, in spite of Time,

For ever young, enjoy an endless prime.

* Lady Catharine Darnley, Duchess of Buckingham.

† Lady Gower.

|| St. Evremond, who has celebrated Madam Mazarine under the name of Hortense.

With charms so num'rous Mira does surprize, 290
 The lover knows not by which dart he dies;
 So thick the volley, and the wound so sure,
 No flight can save, no remedy can cure.

Yet dawning in her infancy of light,
 O see another Brud'nel * heav'nly bright, 295
 Born to fulfil the glories of her line,
 And fix Love's empire in that race divine!

Fain would my Muse to Cecil † bend her sight,
 But turns astonish'd from the dazzling light,
 Nor dares attempt to climb the steepy flight. 300

O Kneller! like thy pictures were my song,
 Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil strong,
 These matchless beauties should recorded be
 Immortal in my verse, as in thy gallery ||. 304

LADY HYDE

HAVING THE SMALL-POX,

Soon after the recovery of Mrs. Mohun.

SCARCE could the general joy for Mohun appear,
 But new attempts shew other dangers near;
 Beauty's attack'd in her imperial fort,
 Where all her Loves and Graces kept their court;

* Lady Molyneux. † Lady Ranelagh.

|| The gallery of beauties in Hampton Court, drawn by Sir
 Godfrey Kneller.

In her chief residence besieg'd at last,
Laments to see her fairest fields laid waste,

On things immortal all attempts are vain;
Tyrant Disease! 't is loss of time and pain;
Glut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize,
Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips and eyes: 10
Let her but live; as much vermilion take
As might a Helen or a Venus make;
Like Thetis she shall frustrate thy vain rape,
And in variety of charms escape. 14

The twinkling stars drop numberless each night,
Yet shines the radiant firmament as bright:
So from the ocean should we rivers drain,
Still would enough to drown the world remain. 18

LADY HYDE

SITTING AT

SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S

FOR HER PICTURE.

WHILE Kneller, with inimitable art,
Attempts that face whose print 's on ev'ry heart,
The poet, with a pencil less confin'd,
Shall paint her virtues, and describe her mind,

Unlock the shrine, and to the sight unfold
 The secret gems and all the inward gold,
 Two only patterns do the Muses name
 Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame:
 A Venus and a Helen have been seen
 Both perjur'd wives, the goddess and the queen;
 In this, the third, are reconcil'd at last,
 Those jarring attributes of fair and chaste;
 With graces that attract, but not ensnare;
 Divinely good, as she's divinely fair;
 With beauty not affected, vain, nor proud;
 With greatness easy, affable, and good;
 Others, by guilty artifice, and arts
 Of promis'd kindness, practise on our hearts,
 With expectation blow the passion up;
 She fans the fire without one gale of hope:
 Like the chaste moon she shines to all mankind,
 But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
 What cruel destiny on beauty waits,
 When on one face depend so many fates!
 Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
 Unhappy men by thousands are undone.

LADY HYDE*.

WHEN fam'd Apelles sought to frame
 Some image of th' Idalian dame,

* Afterwards Countess of Clarendon and Rochester.

To furnish graces for the piece
 He summon'd all the nymphs of Greece;
 So many mortals were combin'd,
 To shew how one immortal shin'd.

Had Hyde thus sat by proxy too,
 As Venus then was said to do,
 Venus herself, and all the train
 Of goddesses, had summon'd been;
 The painter must have search'd the skies
 To match the lustre of her eyes.
 Comparing then, while thus we view
 The ancient Venus and the new,
 In her we many mortals see,
 As many goddesses in thee.

THE DESERTION.

Now fly, Discretion! to my aid,
 See haughty Mira, fair and bright,
 In all the pomp of love array'd;
 Ah! how I tremble at the sight!
 She comes! she comes!—before her all
 Mankind does prostrate fall.

Love, a destroyer fierce and young,
 Advent'rous, terrible, and strong,
 Cruel and rash, delighting still to vex,
 Sparing nor age nor sex,

Commands in chief: well fortify'd he lies,
 And from her lips, her cheeks, and eyes,
 All opposition he defies.
 Reason, Love's old inveterate foe,
 Scarce ever reconcil'd till now,
 Reason assists her too.

A wife commander he, for council fit,
 But nice and coy, nor has been seen to fit
 In modern synod, nor appear'd of late
 In courts nor camps, nor in affairs of state;
 Reason proclaims them all his foes,
 Who such resistless charms oppose.

My very bosom-friends make war
 Within my breast, and in her interests are;
 Esteem and Judgment, with strong Fancy, join
 To court and call the fair invader in;
 My darling favourite, Inclination, too,
 All, all conspiring with the foe.

Ah! whither shall I fly to hide
 My weakness from the conqueror's pride?
 Now, now, Discretion! be my guide:
 But see, this mighty Archimedes too
 Surrenders now;

In trembling state, to divine laws
 Nature has still the same care;

Prefuming longer to resist,
 His very name
 Discretion must disclaim,
 Folly and Madness only would persist.

IN PRAISE OF MIRA.

TUNE, tune thy lyre; begin, my Muse!
 What nymph, what queen, what goddess, wilt thou
 Whose praises sing? what charmer's name
 Transmit immortal down to fame?
 Strike, strike thy strings; let Echo take the sound,
 And bear it far, to all the mountains round;
 Pindus again shall hear, again rejoice,
 And Hæmus too, as when th' enchanting voice
 Of tuneful Orpheus charm'd the grove,
 Taught oaks to dance, and made the cedars move.

Nor Venus nor Diana will we name;
 Mira is Venus and Diana too;
 All that was feign'd of them apply'd to her is true:
 Then sing, my Muse! let Mira be our theme.
 As when the shepherds would a garland make,
 They search with care the fragrant meadows round,
 Plucking but here and there, and only take
 The choicest flowers, with which some nymph is
 In framing Mira, so divinely fair, [crown'd;
 Nature has taken the same care;

All that is lovely, noble, good, we see,
 All, beauteous Mira! all bound up in thee!
 Where Mira is, there is the queen of Love,
 Th' Arcadian pastures and th' Idalian grove.
 Let Mira dance, so charming is her mien,
 In ev'ry movement ev'ry grace is seen:
 Let Mira sing, the notes so sweetly wound,
 The Syrens would be silent at the sound.
 Place me on mountains of eternal snow,
 Where all is ice, all winter winds that blow; 30
 Or cast me underneath the burning line,
 Where everlasting sun does shine,
 Where all is scorch'd—Whatever you decree,
 Ye gods! wherever I shall be,
 Mira shall still be lov'd, and still ador'd by me. 33

THE DUCHESS OF —

Unseasonably surpris'd in the embraces of her Lord.

FAIREST Zelinda! cease to chide or grieve,
 Nor blush at joys that only you can give;
 Who with bold eyes survey'd those matchless charms
 Is punish'd, seeing in another's arms:
 With greedy looks he views each naked part,
 Joy feeds his eyes, but envy tears his heart.
 So caught was Mars, and Mercury aloud
 Proclaim'd his grief that he was not the god:

So to be caught was every god's desire;
 Nor less than Venus can Zelinda fire.
 Forgive him then, thou more than heav'nly fair,
 Forgive his rashness, punish'd by despair.
 All that we know which wretched mortals feel
 In those sad regions where the tortur'd dwell,
 Is that they see the raptures of the blest,
 And view the joys which they must never taste. 16

MIRA SINGING.

THE Syrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd;
 Ty'd to the mast Ulysses' sail'd unharm'd:
 Had Mira's voice entic'd his list'ning ear,
 The Greek had stopp'd, and would have dy'd to hear.
 When Mira sings we seek th' enchanting sound, 5
 And bless the notes that do so sweetly wound.
 What music needs must dwell upon that tongue
 Whose speech is tuneful as another's song!
 Such harmony, such wit, a face so fair,
 So many pointed arrows, who can bear!
 Who from her wit or from her beauty flies,
 If with her voice she overtakes him dies.
 Like soldiers so in battle we succeed,
 One peril 'scaping, by another bleed:
 In vain the dart or glitt'ring sword we shun,
 Condemn'd to perish by the slaught'ring gun. 16

IMPROMPTU.

Written under a picture of the

COUNTESS OF SANDWICH DRAWN IN MAN'S HABIT.

WHEN Sandwich in her sex's garb we see,
The queen of Beauty then she seems to be;
Now fair Adonis in this male-disguise,
Or little Cupid with his mother's eyes:
No style of empire chang'd by this remove,
Who seem'd the goddess seems the god of Love.

LADY HARE'S NAME

WRITTEN UNDER

MRS. HARE'S NAME

UPON A DRINKING-GLASS.

THE gods of Wine, and Wit, and Love, prepare,
With cheerful bowls, to celebrate the fair;
Love is enjoin'd to name his fav'rite toast,
And Hare's the goddess that delights him most:
Phœbus approves, and bids the trumpets sound,
And Bacchus, in a bumper, sends it round.

May then this bumper be my dear,
Never to cease but with my breath,
As ev'n a goddess could not cure,
With such a passion, fix'd and sure.

WRITTEN UNDER THE

DUCHESS OF BOLTON'S NAME

UPON A DRINKING-GLASS.

Love's keenest darts are radiant Bolton's cure,
 Which the bright goddess poisons with despair;
 The god of Wine the dire effect foresees,
 And sends the juice that gives the lover ease.

WRITTEN UNDER THE

LADY HARPER'S NAME.

To Harper, sprightly, young, and gay,
 Sweet as the rosy morn in May,
 Fill to the brim, I'll drink it up,
 To the last drop, were poison in the cup.

WRITTEN UNDER THE

LADY MARY VILLIERS' NAME.

If I not love you, Villiers, more
 Than ever mortal lov'd before;
 With such a passion, fix'd and sure,
 As ev'n possession could not cure,
 Never to cease but with my breath,
 May then this bumper be my death.

VERSES

Written in a leaf of

THE AUTHOR'S POEMS, PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

THE MUSE'S LAST DYING SONG.

A MUSE expiring, who, with earliest voice,
 Made kings, and queens, and beauty's charms, her
 Now on her deathbed this last homage pays, [choice,
 O Queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.

So at th' approach of death the cygnet tries 5
 To warble one note more—and singing dies.

"Hail, mighty Queen! whose pow'rful smile alone

"Commands obedience, and secures the throne.

"Contending parties and plebeian rage

"Had puzzled loyalty for half an age; 10

"Conquering our hearts, you end the long dispute;

"All who have eyes confess you absolute:

"To Tory doctrines even Whigs resign,

"And in your person own a right divine."

Thus sang the Muse, in her last moments fir'd

With Carolina's praise—and then expir'd. 16

Written in a leaf of the same poems, presented to

THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

WHEN we'd exalt some heav'nly fair,
To some bright goddess we compare:
Minerva wisdom, Juno grace, 3
And Venus furnishes the face.
In royal Anne's bright form is seen
What comprehends them all—the Queen. 6

WRITTEN IN

CLARINDA'S PRAYER-BOOK.

IN vain, Clarinda! night and day
For pity to the gods you pray:
What arrogance on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all! 4

MIRA'S PARROT.

IN those first times, when nymphs were rude and coy,
The gods, disguis'd, laid ambushes for joy:
From Jove in feathers, harmless to the sight,
Leda, without a blush, accepts delight.
Mira! as chaste as Leda, and more fair, 5
Forgive an anxious lover's jealous care;

And, O take heed! for, if such tales were true,
 The gods may practise these designs on you:
 Their heav'n and all their brightness they will quit
 For any form that may to you admit.
 See how the wanton bird, at ev'ry glance,
 Spreads his gay plumes, and feels an am'rous trance!
 Press'd by that hand he melts at ev'ry touch;
 Press'd by that hand who would not melt as much?
 The queen of Beauty shall forsake the dove;
 Henceforth the Parrot be the bird of Love.

MIRA AT A REVIEW

OF THE GUARDS IN HYDE-PARK.

LET meaner beauties conquer singly still,
 But haughty Mira will by thousands kill;
 Thro' armed ranks triumphantly she drives,
 And with one glance commands a thousand lives:
 The trembling heroes nor resist nor fly,
 But at the head of all their squadrons die.

THE VISION.

IN lonely walks, distracted by despair,
 Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,
 My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind
 Rack'd with wild thoughts, swelling with sighs the
 Thro' paths untrodden day and night I rove, [wind,
 Mourning the fate of my successful love.

Who most desire to live untimely fall,
 But when we beg to die Death flies our call.
 Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd breast;
 In midst of joy, where Venus wont to rest:
 That fate, which cruel seem'd to him, would be
 Pity, relief, and happiness, to me.
 When will my sorrows end? In vain, in vain,
 I call to Heav'n, and tell the gods my pain;
 The gods averse, like Mira, to my pray'r,
 Consent to doom whom she denies to spare.
 Why do I seek for foreign aids, when I
 Bear ready by my side the pow'r to die?
 Be keen, my Sword! and serve thy master well;
 Heal wounds with wounds, and love with death repel.
 Straight up I rose, and to my aching breast,
 My bosom bare, the ready point I press,
 When, lo! astonish'd, an unusual light
 Pierc'd the thick shade, and all around grew bright;
 My dazzled eyes a radiant form * behold,
 Splendid with light like beams of burning gold;
 Eternal rays his shining temples grace,
 Eternal youth sat blooming on his face;
 Trembling I listen, prostrate on the ground, [sound.
 His breath perfumes the grove, and music's in the
 "Cease, Lover! cease thy tender heart to vex
 "In fruitless plaints of an ungrateful sex;
 "In Fate's eternal volumes it is writ
 "That women ever shall be foes to wit.

" With proper arts their sickly minds command, 33

" And please 'em with the things they understand :

" With noisy sopperies their hearts assail; }
 " Renounce all sense : how should thy songs pre- }
 " When I, the god of Wit, so oft' could fail? [vail }
 " Remember me; and in my story find }
 " How vainly merit pleads to womankind. } 40

" I, by whom all things shine, who tune the spheres,

" Create the day, and gild the night with stars,

" Whose youth and beauty from all ages past

" Sprang with the world, and with the world shall last,

" How oft' with fruitless tears have I implor'd 46

" Ungrateful nymphs? and, tho' a god, ador'd!

" When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,

" Move a hard heart? or, mov'd, secure its truth?

" Here a proud nymph with painful steps I chase,

" The winds outlying in our nimble race : 51

" Stay, Daphne! stay—In vain, in vain, I try

" To stop her speed, redoubling at my cry :

" O'er craggy rocks and rugged hills she climbs,

" And tears on pointed flints her tender limbs, 55

" Till caught at length, just as my arms I fold,

" Turn'd to a tree, she yet escapes my hold.

" In my next love a diff'rent fate I find : 60

" Ah! which is worse, the false or the unkind?

" Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis chose, 66

" A kinder nymph—too kind for my repose.

" The joys I give but more provoke her breast ;
 " She keeps a private drudge * to quench the rest :
 " How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim
 " Her black pollution, and reveal my shame. 65
 " Hard lot of beauty ! fatally bestow'd,
 " Or given to the false or to the proud ;
 " By diff'rent ways they bring us equal pain ;
 " The false betray us, and the proud disdain.
 " Scorn'd and abus'd, from mortal loves I fly, 70
 " To seek more truth in my own native sky.
 " Venus, the fairest of immortal loves,
 " Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,
 " With glowing eyes, confessing warm desires, 74
 " She summons heav'n and earth to quench her fires :
 " Me she excludes ; and I in vain adore
 " Who neither god nor man refus'd before :
 " Vulcan, the very monster of the skies,
 " Vulcan she takes, the god of Wit denies !
 " Then cease to murmur at thy Mira's pride, 80
 " Whimsy, not reason, is the female guide :
 " The fate of which their master does complain
 " Is of bad omen to th' inspired train.
 " What vows have fail'd ! Hark, how Catullus mourns,
 " How Ovid weeps, and flighted Gallus burns ! 85

* The nymph Coronis was beloved by Apollo, but at the same time had a private intrigue with one Ischis, which was discovered by a crow.

" In melting strains see gentle Waller bleed;
 " Unmov'd she heard what none unmov'd can read.
 " And thou who, oft' with such ambitious choice,
 " Hast rais'd to Mira thy aspiring voice,
 " What profit thy neglected zeal repays? 90
 " Ah! what return? ungrateful to thy praise!
 " Change, change thy style, with mortal rage re-
 " Unjust disdain, and pride oppose to scorn: [turn
 " Search all the secrets of the fair and young,
 " And then proclaim, soon shall they bribe thy tongue;
 " The sharp detractor with success assails, 96
 " Sure to be gentle to the man that rails.
 " Women, like cowards, tame to the severe,
 " Are only fierce when they discover fear."
 Thus spake the god, and upward mounts in air,
 In just resentment of his past despair. 101
 Provok'd to vengeance, to my aid I call
 The Furies round, and dip my pen in gall:
 Not one shall 'scape of all the co'z'ning sex;
 Vex'd shall they be who so delight to vex. 105
 In vain I try, in vain to vengeance move
 My gentle Muse, so us'd to tender love;
 Such magic rules my heart, whate'er I write,
 Turns all to soft complaint and am'rous flight.
 Begone, fond thoughts, begone! be bold, said I, 110
 Satire's thy theme—in vain again I try:
 So charming Mira to each sense appears,
 My soul adores, my rage dissolves in tears.

So the gall'd lion, smarting with his wound,
Threatens his foes, and makes the forest found; 115
With his strong teeth he bites the bloody dart,
And tears his side with more provoking smart,
Till, having spent his voice in fruitless cries, 119
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and dies.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

I.

ENOUGH, enough, my Soul! of worldly noise,
Of æry pomps and fleeting joys.
What does this busy world provide at best.
But brittle goods that break like glass;
But poison'd sweets, a troubled feast,
And pleasures like the winds, that in a moment pass?
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.

II.

How frail is beauty! ah! how vain,
And how short-liv'd, those glories are.
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In dust we no distinction see:
Such Helen is, such, Mira! thou must be.

III.

How short is life! why will vain courtiers toil,
And crowd a vainer monarch for a smile?

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What is that monarch but a mortal man,
 His crown a pageant, and his life a span?
 With all his guards and his dominions he
 Must sicken too, and die as well as we. 20

IV.

Those boasted names of conquerors and kings
 Are swallow'd, and become forgotten things :
 One destin'd period men in common have,
 The great, the base, the coward, and the brave, 24 }
 All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
 The prince and parasite together lie :
 No fortune can exalt but Death will climb as high. 27

BEAUTY AND LAW.

A POETICAL PLEADING*.

THE princes sat. Beauty and Law contend :
 The queen of Love will her own cause defend.
 Secure she looks, as certain none can see
 Such Beauty plead and not her captive be.
 What need of words with such commanding eyes? §
 "Must I then speak? O Heav'ns!" the charmer cries :

* King Charles II. having made a grant of the reversion of an office in the Court of King's Bench to his son the Duke of Grafton, the Lord Chief Justice, laying claim to it, as a perquisite legally belonging to his office, the cause came to be heard before the House of Lords between the Duchess, relief of the said Duke, and the Chief Justice.

" O barbarous clime! where Beauty borrows aid
 " From eloquence to charm or to persuade!
 " Will Discord never leave, with envious Care,
 " To raise debate? But Discord governs here. 10
 " To Juno Pallas wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
 " Long since preferr'd, what trial needs there more?
 " Confess'd to fight, three goddesses descend
 " On Ida's hill, and for a prize contend;
 " Nobly they bid, and lavishly pursue 15
 " A gift that only could be Beauty's due.
 " Honours and wealth the gen'rous judge denies,
 " And gives the triumph to the brightest eyes.
 " Such precedents are numberless: we draw
 " Our right from custom; custom is a law: 20
 " As high as heav'n, as wide as seas or land,
 " As ancient as the world, is our command.
 " Mars and Alcides would this plea allow;
 " Beauty was ever absolute till now.
 " It is enough that I pronounce it mine, 25
 " And, right or wrong, he should his claim resign.
 " Not bears nor tigers sure so savage are
 " As these ill-manner'd monsters of the bar.

" Loud Rumour has proclaim'd a nymph divine*,
 " Whose matchless form, to counterbalance mine, 30

* A report spread of a beautiful young lady, niece to the Lord Chief Justice, who would appear at the bar of the House of Lords, and eclipse the charms of the Duchess of Grafton. No such lady was seen there, nor perhaps ever in any part of the world.

- " By dint of beauty shall extort your grace :
 " Let her appear, this rival, face to face ;
 " Let eyes to eyes oppos'd this strife decide :
 " Now when I lighten let her beams be try'd.
 " Was 't a vain promise and a gownman's lie ? 35
 " Or stands she here unmark'd when I am by ?
 " So Heav'n was mock'd, and once all Elis round
 " Another Jupiter was said to sound ;
 " On brazen floors the royal actor tries
 " To ape the thunder rattling in the skies ; 40
 " A brandish'd torch, with emulating blaze,
 " Affects the fork'y lightning's pointed rays :
 " Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
 " Thro' crowds of worshippers, and acts the god.
 " The fire Omnipotent prepares the brand 45
 " By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand,
 " Then flaming hurls it hissing from above,
 " And in the vast abyss confounds the mimic Jove.
 " Presumptuous Wretch ! with mortal art to dare
 " Immortal pow'r, and brave the Thunderer. 50
 " Cassiope preferring, with disdain,
 " Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain :
 " The daughter, for the mother's guilty scorn,
 " Is doom'd to be devour'd : the mother's borne
 " Above the clouds, where, by immortal light 55
 " Revers'd, she shines, expos'd to human sight,
 " And to a shameful posture is confin'd,
 " As an eternal terror to mankind.

" Did thus the gods such private nymphs respect;
 " What vengeance might the queen of Love expect!
 " But grant such arbitrary pleas are vain;
 " Wav'd let them be; mere justice shall obtain.
 " Who to a husband justlier can succeed
 " Than the soft partner of his nuptial bed?
 " Or to a father's right lay stronger claim
 " Than the dear youth in whom survives his name?
 " Behold that youth; consider whence he springs,
 " And in his royal veins respect your kings;
 " Immortal Jove upon a mortal she
 " Begat his fire; second from Jove is he.
 " Well did the father blindly fight your cause,
 " Following the cry—of Liberty and Laws,
 " If by those laws, for which he lost his life*,
 " You spoil ungratefully the son and wife:
 " What need I more? 't is treason to dispute:
 " The grant was royal; that decides the suit.
 " Shall vulgar laws imperial pow'r constrain?
 " Kings and the gods can never act in vain."

She finish'd here, the queen of ev'ry grace!
 Disdain vermilioning her heav'nly face:
 Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult rise,
 And one with sparkles in a thousand eyes.
 O might some champion finish these debates,
 My sword should end what now my pen relates!

* The Duke of Grafton, slain at the siege of Corke in Ireland about the beginning of the Revolution.

Up rose the Judge, on each side bending low, 85
 A crafty smile accompanies his bow;
 Ulysses-like, a gentle pause he makes,
 Then, raising by degrees his voice, he speaks.

"In you, my Lords, who judge, and all who hear,
 "Methinks I read your wishes for the fair: 90

"Nor can I wonder; even I contend

"With inward pain, unwilling to offend;

"Unhappy, thus oblig'd to a defence,

"That may displease such heav'nly excellence.

"Might we the laws on any terms abuse, 95

"So bright an influence were the best excuse.

"Let Niobe's * just fate, the vile disgrace

"Of the Propetides† polluted race,

"Let death, or shame, or lunacy, surprize

"Who dare to match the lustre of those eyes. 100

"Aloud the fairest of the sex complain

"Of captives lost, and loves invok'd in vain;

"At her appearance all their glory ends,

"And not a star but sets when she ascends.

"Where Love presides still may she bear the prize,

"But rigid Law has neither ears nor eyes; 105

"Where Love presides still may she bear the prize,

* Niobe, turned into a stone for presuming to compare herself with Diana.

† Propetides, certain virgins, who, for affronting Venus, were condemned to open prostitution, and afterwards turned into stone.

" Charms to which Mars and Hercules would bow,
 " Minos and Rhadamanthus * disavow :
 " Justice, by nothing bias'd or inclin'd,
 " Deaf to persuasion, to temptation blind, 110
 " Determines without favour, and the laws
 " O'erlook the parties to decide the cause.
 " What then avails it that a beardless boy
 " Took a rash fancy for a female toy?
 " Th' insulted Argives, with a num'rous host, 115
 " Pursue revenge, and seek the Dardan coast.
 " Tho' the gods built, and tho' the gods defend,
 " Those lofty towers, the hostile Greeks ascend,
 " Nor leave they till the town in ashes lies,
 " And all the race of royal Priam dies. 120
 " The queen of Paphos †, mixing in the fray,
 " Rallies the troops, and urges on the day;
 " In person in the foremost ranks she stands,
 " Provokes the charge, directs, assists, commands :
 " Stern Diomed, advancing high in air 125
 " His lofty jaw'lin, strikes the heavenly fair;
 " The vaulted skies with her loud shrieks resound,
 " And high Olympus trembles at the wound.
 " In causes just would all the gods oppose,
 " 'T were honest to dispute ; so Cato chose. 130

* Minos and Rhadamanthus, famous legislators, who, for
 their strict administration of justice, were, after their deaths,
 made chief judges in the infernal regions.

† Venus.

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- " Dismiss that plea, and what shall blood avail?
 " If Beauty is deny'd, shall Birth prevail?
 " Blood and high deeds in distant ages done
 " Are our forefathers' merit, not our own.
 " Might none a just possession be allow'd 135
 " But who could bring desert, or boast of blood,
 " What numbers, ev'n here, might be condemn'd;
 " Stripp'd and despoil'd of all, revil'd, condemn'd!
 " Take a just view, how many may remark
 " Who now 's a peer his grandfire was a clerk. 140
 " Some few remain ennobled by the sword
 " In Gothic times; but now, to be My Lord,
 " Study the law; nor do these robes despise;
 " Honour the gown, from whence your honours rise.
 " Those fam'd Dictators who subdu'd the globe 145
 " Gave the precedence to the peaceful robe.
 " The mighty Julius pleading at the bar
 " Was greater than when, thund'ring in the war,
 " He conquer'd nations. 'Tis of more renown
 " To save a client than to storm a town. 150
 " How dear to Britain are her darling laws!
 " What blood has she not lavish'd in their cause!
 " Kings are like common slaves to slaughter led,
 " Or wander thro' the world to beg their bread.
 " When regal pow'r aspires above the laws, 155
 " A private wrong becomes a public cause."
 He spoke: The nobles differ, and divide;
 Some join with Law, and some with Beauty side.

Mordaunt, tho' once her slave, insults the fair
 Whose fetters 't was his pride in youth to wear. 160
 So Lucifer revolted brav'd the Power
 Whom he was wont to worship and implore:
 Like impious is their rage who have in chafe
 A new omnipotence in Grafton's face.
 But Rochester, undaunted, just, and wise, 165
 Asserts the goddess with the charming eyes:
 And, O! may Beauty never want reward
 For thee, her noble champion, and her guard.
 Beauty triumphs, and Law submitting lies;
 The tyrant tam'd, aloud for mercy cries: 171
 Conquest can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes.

ESSAY

UPON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

As when some image of a charming face,
 In living paint, an artist tries to trace,
 He carefully consults each beauteous line,
 Adjusting to his object his design;
 We praise the piece, and give the painter fame,
 But as the just resemblance speaks the dame,
 Poets are limners of another kind,
 To copy out ideas in the mind;
 Words are the paint by which their thoughts are
 And Nature sits the object to be drawn; (shown,

The written picture we applaud or blame 11
But as the due proportions are the same,

Who driven with ungovernable fire,
Or, void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,
Gigantic forms and monstrous births alone 15
Produce, which Nature, shock'd, disdains to own.

By true reflection I would see my face;
Why brings the fool a magnifying-glass?

"(1) But Poetry in fiction takes delight,

"And, mounting in bold figures out of sight, 20

"Leaves truth behind in her audacious flight :

"Fables and metaphors that always lie,

"And rash hyperboles that soar so high,

"And every ornament of verse must die."

Mistake me not ; no figures I exclude, 25

And but forbid intemperance, not food.

Who would with care some happy fiction frame,

So mimics truth, it looks the very fame;

Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's scorn,

But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn. 30

Important truths still let your fables hold,

And moral mysteries with art unfold.

(1) The poetic world is nothing but fiction ; Parnassus, Pegasus, and the Muses, pure imagination and chimera : but being however a system universally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation according to Nature shall be reputed as truth ; but whatsoever shall diminish from, or exceed the just proportions of, Nature shall be rejected as false, and pass for extravagance, as dwarfs and giants for monsters.

Ladies and beaux to please is all the task,
But the sharp critic will instruction ask.

(2) As veils transparent cover, but not hide, 35
Such metaphors appear when right apply'd;
When thro' the phrase we plainly see the sense,
Truth, where the meaning's obvious, will dispense;
The reader what in reason's due believes;
Nor can we call that false which not deceives. 40

(3) Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules controll'd:
Above the clouds, but still within our sight,
They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring flight;

(2) When Homer, mentioning Achilles, terms him a Lion, this is a metaphor, and the meaning is obvious and true, though the literal sense be false, the poet intending thereby to give his reader some idea of the strength and fortitude of his hero. Had he said that wolf, or that bear, this had been false, by presenting an image not conformable to the nature and character of a hero, &c.

(3) Hyperboles are of diverse sorts, and the manner of introducing them is different: some are, as it were, naturalized and established by a customary way of expression; as when we say such a one is as swift as the wind, whiter than snow, or the like. Homer, speaking of Nereus, calls him beauty itself; Martial of Zoilus, lewdness itself. Such hyperboles lie indeed, but deceive us not; and therefore Seneca terms them lies that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible signification, though the expression be strained beyond credibility. Custom has likewise familiarized another way for hyperboles, for example, by irony; as when we say of some infamous woman she is a civil person, where the meaning is to be taken quite opposite to the letter. These few figures are mentioned only for example sake; it will be understood that all others are to be used with the like care and discretion.

Presenting things impossible to view;
 They wander thro' incredible to true :
 Falsehoods thus mix'd, like metals are refin'd,
 And truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.

Thus poetry has ample space to soar,
 Nor needs forbidden regions to explore :
 Such vaunts as his who can with patience read
 Who thus describes his hero slain and dead :
 “ (4) Kill'd as he was, insensible of death,
 “ He still fights on, and scorns to yield his breath*.”

(4) I needed not to have travelled so far for an extravagant
 sight; I remember one of British growth of the like nature :

See those dead bodies hence convey'd with care,
 Life may perhaps return-----with change of air.

But I chuse rather to correct gently, by foreign examples,
 hoping that such as are conscious of the like excesses will take
 the hint, and secretly reprove themselves. It may be possible
 for some tempers to maintain rage and indignation to the last
 gasp; but the soul and body once parted, there must necessa-
 rily be a determination of action.

Quodcunque offendit mihi sic incredulus odi.

I cannot forbear quoting, on this occasion, as an example for
 the present purpose, two noble lines of Jasper May's, in the
 collection of the Oxford Verses printed in the year 1643, upon
 the death of my grandfather Sir Bevil Granville, slain in the
 heat of action at the battle of Lansdowne. The poet, after
 having described the fight, the foldiers, animated by the ex-
 ample of their leader, and enraged at his death, thus concludes,

Thus he being slain, his action fought anew,
 And the dead conquer'd whilst the living flew.

This is agreeable to truth, and within the compass of nature :
 it is thus only that the dead can act.

* Ariosto.

The noisy culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly, 55
 And burst unaiming in the rended sky.
 Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
 And Nature suffers in the wild extreme.

The captive Cannibal, weigh'd down with chains,
 Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains; 60
 Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
 He grins defiance at the gaping crowd;
 And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,
 With looks still threat'ning, mocks their rage and dies.
 'This is the utmost stretch that Nature can, 65
 And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.

Beauty's the theme; some nymph divinely fair
 Excites the Muse: let truth be even there:
 As painters flatter so may poets too,
 But to resemblance must be ever true. 70

"(5) The day that she was born the Cyprian Queen
 "Had like t' have dy'd thro' envy and thro' spleen;
 "The Graces in a hurry left the skies
 "To have the honour to attend her eyes;
 "And Love, despairing in her heart a place, 75
 "Would needs take up his lodging in her face*."

(5) Le jour qu'elle naquit, Venus bien qu'immortelle,
 Pensa mourir de honte, en la voyant si belle,
 Les Graces à l'envi descendirent des cieux
 Pour avoir l'honneur d'accompagner ses yeux;
 Et l'Amour, qui ne put entrer dans son courage,
 Voulut obstinément loger sur son visage.

This is a lover's description of his mistress by the great Cornelle; civil, to be sure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any body turn over Waller, and he will see how much more

* Cornelle.

Tho' wrote by great Corneille, such lines as these,
 Such civil nonsense, sure could never please.
 Waller the best of all th' inspired train
 To melt the fair instructs the dying swain. 80

naturally and delicately the English author treats the article of love than this celebrated Frenchman. I would not however be thought, by any derogatory quotation, to take from the merit of a writer whose reputation is so universally and so justly established in all nations; but, as I said before, I rather chuse, where any failings are to be found, to correct my own countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by instances drawn from their own writings, *humanum est errare*. I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated French author. It is an epigram upon a monument for Francis I. King of France, by way of question and answer, which in English is verbatim thus,

Under this marble who lies buried here?
 Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
 Why has so great a king so small a stone?
 Of that great king here 's but the heart alone.
 Then of this conqueror here lies but part?
 No----here he lies all----for he was all heart.

The author was a Gascon, to whom I can properly oppose no body so well as a Welchman; for which purpose I am farther furnished from the fore-mentioned collection of Oxford Verses, with an epigram by Martin Lluellin upon the same subject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Besides, from whence can we draw better examples than from the very seat and nursery of the Muses?

Thus slain, thy valiant ancestor * did lie,
 When his one bark a navy did defy;
 When now encompass'd round he victor stood,
 And bath'd his pinnace in his conqu'ring blood,

* Sir Richard Granville, Vice-admiral of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his single ship against the whole armada of Spain, consisting of fifty-three of their best men of war.

(6) The Roman wit *, who impiously divides
 His hero and his gods to different sides,
 I would condemn, but that, in spite of sense,
 Th' admiring world still stands in his defence.
 How oft', alas! the best of men in vain 85
 Contend for blessings which the worst obtain?
 The gods permitting traitors to succeed
 Become not parties in an impious deed,
 And by the tyrant's murder we may find
 That Cato and the gods were of a mind. 90

Till all the purple current dry'd and spent,
 He fell, and made the waves his monument.
 Where shall the next fam'd Granville's ashes stand?
 Thy grandfire's fill the sea, and thine the land.

I cannot say the two last lines in which consists the sting or point of the epigram, are strictly conformable to the rule herein set down: the word *ashes*, metaphorically, can signify nothing but fame, which is mere sound, and can fill no space either of land or sea: the Welchman however must be allowed to have outdone the Gascon. The fallacy of the French epigram appears at first sight; but the English strikes the fancy, suspends and dazzles the judgment, and may perhaps be allowed to pass under the shelter of those daring hyperboles which, by presenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to Seneca, through the incredible to true.

(6) *Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*

The consent of so many ages having established the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be presumption to attack it; but it is not to be supposed that Cato, who is described to have been a man of rigid morals and strict devotion, more resembling the gods than men, would have chosen any party in opposition to those gods whom he professed to adore. The poet

* Lucan.

Thus forcing truth with such prepos't'rous praise,
 Our characters we lessen when we'd raise;
 Like castles built by magic art in air,
 That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear;
 But rais'd on truth by some judicious hand, 95
 As on a rock they shall for ages stand.

(7) Our King return'd *, and banish'd Peace re-
 The Muse ran mad to see her exil'd lord; [stor'd ;

would give us to understand, that his hero was too righteous a person to accompany the divinities themselves in an unjust cause; but to represent a mortal man to be either wiser or juster than the Deity, may shew the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero; neither reason nor religion will allow it; and it is impossible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine; success implies permission, and not approbation; to place the gods always on the thriving side, is to make them partakers of all successful wickedness: to judge right, we must wait for the conclusion of the action; the catastrophe will best decide on which side is Providence; and the violent death of Cæsar acquits the gods from being companions of his usurpation.

Lucan was a determined Republican, no wonder he was a Free-thinker.

(7) Mr. Dryden in one of his prologues has these two lines:

He 's bound to please, not to write well, and knows
 There is a mode in plays as well as clothes.

From whence it is plain, where he has exposed himself to the critics, he was forced to follow the fashion to humour an audience, and not to please himself: a hard sacrifice to make for present subsistence, especially for such as would have their writings live as well as themselves. Nor can the poet whose

* King Charles II.

On the crack'd stage the bedlam heroes roar'd,
 And scarce could speak one reasonable word:
 Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
 Was forc'd to let his judgment sloop to rage;
 To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
 Comply'd to custom, but not err'd by choice.

labours are his dally bread be delivered from this cruel necessity, unless some more certain encouragement can be provided than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre be put under some more impartial management than the jurisdiction of players. Who write to live must unavoidably comply with their taste by whose approbation they subsist; some generous prince, or prime minister like Richlieu, can only find a remedy. In his epistle dedicatory to The Spanish Friar, this incomparable poet thus censures himself:

"I remember some verses of my own Maximin and Almanzor which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, &c. All I can say for those passages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to please even when I wrote them; but I repent of them among my sins; and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my present writings, I draw a stroke over those Dalilahs of the theatre, and am resolved I will settle myself no reputation by the applause of fools: it is not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted judges as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles: neither do I discommend the lofty style in tragedy, which is pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper."

This may stand as an unanswerable apology for Mr. Dryden against his critics; and likewise for an unquestionable authority to confirm those principles which the foregoing poem pretends to lay down; for nothing can be just and proper but what is built upon truth.

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Deem then the people's, not the writer's, sin 105
 Almanzor's rage and rants of Maximin :
 That fury spent, in each elaborate piece
 He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.

First Mulgrave rose, Roscommon next*, like light,
 To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight ; 110
 With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
 They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds.

The Stagyrite and Horace laid aside,
 Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide :
 Who seek from poetry a lasting name, 115
 May in their lessons learn the road to fame :
 But let the bold adventurer be sure
 That ev'ry line the test of truth endure :

On this foundation may the fabric rise,
 Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies. 120

From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
 Forfaken Truth seeks shelter in the grove ;
 Cherish, ye Muses ! the neglected fair,
 And take into your train the abandon'd wanderer. 124

* Earl of Mulgrave's Essay upon Poetry, and Lord Roscommon's upon Translated Verse.

THE RELIEF.

OF two reliefs to ease a love-sick mind,
 Flavia prescribes despair: I urge Be kind.
 Flavia be kind; the remedy's as sure;
 'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure. 4

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

Love is begot by Fancy, bred
 By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
 Destroy'd by Knowledge, and at best
 Lost in the moment 't is possess'd. 4

FOR LIBERALITY.

Tho' safe thou think'st thy treasure lies,
 Hidden in chests from human eyes,
 A fire may come, and it may be
 Bury'd, my friend, as far from thee.
 Thy vessel that yon' ocean stems, 5
 Loaded with golden dust and gems,
 Purchas'd with so much pains and cost,
 Yet in a tempest may be lost.
 Pimps, whores, and bawds, a thankless crew,
 Priests, pickpockets, and lawyers too, 10
 All help by several ways to drain,
 Thanking themselves for what they gain.
 The liberal are secure alone,
 For what we frankly give for ever is our own. 14

A RECEIPT FOR VAPOURS.

"WHY pines my dear?" to Fulvia, his young bride,
Who weeping sat, thus aged Cornus cry'd.

"Alas!" said she, "such visions break my rest,

"The strangest thoughts! I think I am possess'd:

"My symptoms I have told to men of skill, 5

"And if I would---they say---I might be well."

"Take their advice," said he, "my poor dear wife!

"I'll buy at any rate thy precious life."

Blushing she would excuse, but all in vain; 9

A doctor must be fetch'd to ease her pain. [Tom's,

Hard press'd, she yields. From White's, or Will's, or

No matter which, he's summon'd, and he comes.

The careful husband, with a kind embrace,

Entreats his care; then bows, and quits the place;

For little ailments oft' attend the fair 15

Not decent for a husband's eye or ear.

Something the dame would say: the ready knight

Prevents her speech--"Here's that shall set you right,

"Madam," said he--With that the door's made close;

He gives deliciously the healing dose. 20

"Alas!" she cries; "ah me! O cruel cure!

"Did ever woman yet like me endure?"

The work perform'd, uprising gay and light,

Old Cornus is call'd in to see the sight.

A sprightly red vermilion all her face, 25

And her eyes languish with unusual grace,

With tears of joy fresh gushing from his eyes,
 "O wondrous power of art!" old Cornus cries;
 "Amazing change! astonishing success!"
 "Thrice happy I! what a brave Doctor 's this!" 30
 Maids, wives, and widows, with such whims oppress,
 May thus find certain ease—*Probatum est.* 32

MRS. CLAVERING * SINGING.

WHEN we behold her angel face,
 Or when she sings with heav'nly grace,
 In what we hear or what we see,
 So ravishing 's the harmony,
 The melting soul, in rapture lost,
 Knows not which charm enchants it most. 6
 Sounds that made hills and rocks rejoice,
 Amphion's lute, the Syren's voice,
 Wonders with pain receiv'd for true
 At once find credit, and renew.
 No charms like Clavering's voice surprise,
 Except the magic of her eyes. 12

* Afterwards Lady Cowper.

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A LATIN INSCRIPTION

ON A MEDAL FOR LEWIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

PROXIMUS et similis regnas, Ludovice, tonanti,
 Vim summam, summa cum pietate, geris;
 Magnus es expansis alis, sed maximus armis,
 Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde seris.
 Quin cœcant toto Tirania fœdera Rheno;
 Illa Aquilam tantum, Gallia fulmen habet.

ENGLISHED.

AND APPLIED TO QUEEN ANNE.

NEXT to the Thunderer let Anna stand,
 In piety supreme as in command;
 Fam'd for victorious arms and generous aid,
 Young Austria's refuge and fierce Bourbon's dread.
 Titanian leagues in vain shall brave the Rhine,
 When to the Eagle you the thunder join.

A MORNING HYMN.

TO THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

A WAKE, bright Hamilton! arise,
 Goddess of Love and of the Day;
 Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,
 And shew the sun a brighter ray:
 Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn;
 He but creates the day which you adorn.

The lark, that wont with warbling throat

Early to salute the skies,

Or sleeps, or else suspends his note,

Disclaiming day till you arise.

Goddess! awake, thy beams display,

Restore the universe to light:

When Hamilton appears then dawns the day,

And when she disappears begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vigils keep,

(For lovers never, never sleep!)

Wait for the rising of the fair,

To offer songs and hymns of pray'r,

Like Persians to the sun:

Ev'n life, and death, and fate, are there;

For in the rolls of ancient Destiny,

Th' inevitable book, 't was noted down

The dying should revive, the living die,

As Hamilton shall smile, as Hamilton shall frown,

"Awake, Bright Hamilton! arise,

"Goddess of Love and of the Days

"Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,

"And shew the sun a brighter ray:

"Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn;

"He but creates the day which you adorn."

A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1688.

Of kings dethron'd, and blood of brethren spilt,
 In vain, O Britain! you'd divert the guilt,
 If crimes which your forefathers blush'd to own,
 Repeated, call for heavier vengeance down.

Tremble, ye People! who your kings distress;
 Tremble, ye Kings! for people you oppress:
 Th' Eternal sees, arm'd with his forky rods,
 The rise and fall of empire is from the gods.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A FIGURE REPRESENTING THE GOD OF LOVE.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy lord and master see;
 Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.

HER NAME.

GUESS, and I'll frankly own her name,
 Whose eyes have kindled such a flame;
 The Spartan or the Cyprian queen
 Had ne'er been sung had she been seen:
 Who set the very gods at war
 Were but faint images of her.
 Believe me, for by Heav'n's 't is true!
 The sun in all his ample view

Sees nothing half so fair or bright,
 Not even his own reflected light. 10
 So sweet a face! such graceful mien!
 Who can this be?—'Tis Howard—or Ballenden. 12

CUPID DISARMED.

TO THE PRINCESS D'AUVERGNE.

CUPID, delighting to be near her,
 Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to hear her,
 As he stood gazing on her face,
 Enchanted with each matchless grace,
 Lost in the trance, he drops the dart, 3
 Which never fails to reach the heart:
 She seizes it, and arms her hand,
 " 'Tis thus I Love himself command:
 " Now tremble, cruel Boy!" she said,
 " For all the mischief you have made." 10
 The god, recov'ring his surprise,
 Trusts to his wings, away he flies;
 Swift as an arrow cuts the wind,
 And leaves his whole artillery behind.
 Princess! restore the boy his useless darts, 15
 With surer charms you captivate our hearts.
 Love's captives oft' their liberty regain,
 Death only can release us from your chain. 18

EXPLICATION IN FRENCH.

CUPIDON DES ARMÉ.

Fable pour Madame la Princesse d'Auvergne.

Cupidon prenant plaisir de se trouver toujours auprès d'elle; charmé de la voir, charmé de l'entendre: comme il admiroit un jour ses graces inimitables, dans cette distraction de son ame et de ses sens, il laissa tomber ce dard fatal qui ne manque jamais de percer les cœurs. Elle le ramassa soudain, et s'armant la belle main.

"C'est ainsi," dit-elle, "que je me rend maitresse de l'amour, tremblez, Enfant malin, je veux vanger tous les maux que tu as fait."

Le dieu étonné, revenant de sa surprise, se fiant à ses ailes, s'échappe, et s'envole vite comme une fleche qui fend l'air, et lui laisse la possession de toute son artillerie.

Princesse, rendez lui ses armes qui vous sont inutiles: la Nature vous a donné des charmes plus puissants: les captives de l'amour souvent recouvrent la liberté; il n'y a que la mort seule qui puisse affranchir les vôtres.

CHLOE PERFUMING HERSELF.

BELIEVE me, Chloe, those perfumes that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee is treasure lost :
Not all Arabia would sufficient be ;
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee. 4

THE WILD BOAR'S DEFENCE.

A BOAR who had enjoy'd a happy reign
For many a year, and fed on many a man,
Call'd to account, soft'ning his savage eyes,
Thus, suppliant, pleads his cause before he dies.

“ For what am I condemn'd ? My crime's no more

“ To eat a man than yours to eat a Boar. 6

“ We seek not you, but take what chance provides,

“ Nature and mere necessity our guides.

“ You murder us in sport, then dish us up

“ For drunken feasts, a relish for the cup. 10

“ We lengthen not our meals ; but you must feast,

“ Gorge till your bellies burst—Pray, who's the beast ?

“ With your humanity you keep a fufs,

“ But are in truth worse brutes than all of us.

“ We prey not on our kind, but you, dear Brother ! 15

“ Most beastly of all beasts, devour each other. [strives,

“ Kings worry kings, neighbour with neighbour

“ Fathers and sons, friends, brothers, husbands, wives,

“ By fraud or force, by poison, sword, or gun,

“ Destroy each other, ev'ry mother's son.” 20

BACCHUS DISARMED.

To Mrs. Laura Dillon, now Lady Falkland.

BACCHUS! to arms, the enemy's at hand,
 Laura appears; stand to your glasses, stand;
 The god of Love the god of Wine defies,
 Behold him in full march in Laura's eyes:
 Bacchus! to arms; and, to resist the dart,
 Each with a faithful brimmer guard his heart,
 Fly, Bacchus! fly, there's treason in the cup,
 For Love comes pouring in with ev'ry drop;
 I feel him in my heart, my blood, my brain;
 Fly, Bacchus! fly, resistance is in vain,
 Or craving quarter: crown a friendly bowl
 To Laura's health, and give up all thy soul.

URGANDA'S PROPHECY.

*Spoken by way of Epilogue at the first representation of the
 British Enchanters.*

PROPHETIC fury rolls within my breast,
 And as at Delphos when the foaming priest,
 Full of his god, proclaims the distant doom
 Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come,
 My lab'ring mind so straggles to unfold
 On British ground a future Age of Gold;
 But lest incredulous you hear—behold:

Here a scene representing the Queen, and the several triumphs of her Majesty's reign.

High on a throne appears the martial Queen,
 With grace sublime, and with imperial mien,
 Surveying round her, with impartial eyes,
 Whom to protect, or whom she shall chastise.
 Next to her side victorious Marlbro' stands
 Waiting, observant of her dread commands:
 The Queen ordains, and, like Alcides, he
 Obeys, and executes her high decree.
 In ev'ry line of her auspicious face
 Soft Mercy smiles, adorn'd with ev'ry grace
 So angels look, and so, when Heav'n decrees,
 They scourge the world to piety and peace.
 Empress and Conqueror, hail! the Fates ordain
 O'er all the willing world sole arbiters to reign:
 To no one people are thy laws confin'd,
 Great Britain's Queen, but guardian of mankind;
 Sure hope of all who dire oppression bear,
 For all th' oppress'd become thy instant care. 25
 Nations of conquest proud thou tam'st to free,
 Denouncing war, presenting liberty:
 The victor to the vanquish'd yields a prize,
 For in thy triumph their redemption lies:
 Freedom and peace for ravish'd fame you give, 30
 Invade to bless, and conquer to relieve:

So the sun scorches and revives by turns,
Requiting with rich metals where he burns.

Taught by this great example to be just,
Succeeding kings shall well fulfil their trust; 35
Discord, and war, and tyranny, shall cease,
And jarring nations be compell'd to peace;
Princes and states, like subjects, shall agree
To trust her pow'r, safe in her piety. 39

ODE

ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

Inscribed to the Lord Falkland.

I.
O FALKLAND! offspring of a gen'rous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts in war and peace:
My kinsman, and my friend! from whence this curse
Entail'd on man, still to grow worse and worse?

II.
Each age, industrious to invent new crimes,
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times;
But now we're so improv'd in all that's bad,
We shall leave nothing for our sons to add.

III.
That idol, gold, possesses ev'ry heart;
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art: 10
Virtue is folly; conscience is a jest;
Religion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

Friendship's a cloak to hide some treach'rous end;
 Your greatest foe is your professing friend;
 The soul resign'd, unguarded, and secure,
 The wound is deepest, and the stroke most sure.
 Justice is bought and sold; the bench, the bar,
 Plead and decide, but gold's th' interpreter.
 Pernicious metal! thrice accurs'd be he
 Who found thee first; all evils spring from thee. 20

Sires sell their sons, and sons their fires betray;
 And senates vote, as armies fight, for pay;
 The wife no longer is restrain'd by shame,
 But has the husband's leave to play the game.

Diseas'd, decrepit, from the mix'd embrace
 Succeeds, of spurious mould, a puny race:
 From such defenders what can Britain hope?
 And where, O Liberty! is now thy prop?

Not such the men who bent the stubborn bow,
 And learnt in rugged sports to date a foe:
 Not such the men who fill'd with heaps of slain
 Fam'd Agincourt and Cressy's bloody plain.

Haughty Britannia then, inur'd to toil,
 Spread far and near the terrors of her ile;

True to herself, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the British steel.

35

X.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wert seen,
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee thro' the heats of Spain,
To die in purple Almanara's plain.

40

XI.

The rescu'd empire, and the Gaul subdu'd,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd:
What Britons could, when justly rous'd to war,
Let Blenheim speak, and witness Gibraltar.

44

FORTUNE.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Fortune seems to smile, 't is then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief near:
Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
And, arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepar'd.
Fickle and false to others she may be,
I can complain but of her constancy.

3

6

Virtutem a me
Fortunam ex alio.

She's a mine of love, and rolling up and down
Sacks in more than one way; I not deny;
What wrong! to give to bright a nymph her due.

CHLOE.

CHLOE's the wonder of her sex;
 'Tis well her heart is tender;
 How might such killing eyes perplex,
 With virtue to defend her!

But Nature, graciously inclin'd,
 With lib'ral hand to please us,
 Has to her boundless beauty join'd
 A boundless bent to ease us.

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT as the day, and like the morning fair,
 Such Chloe is—and common as the air.

ON THE SAME.

Of injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs receiv'd,
 Chloe complains, and wondrously 's aggriev'd.
 That free, and lavish of a beauteous face,
 The fairest and the foulest of her race;
 She's mine, or thine; and strolling up and down
 Sucks in more filth than any sink in Town,
 I not deny; this I have said, 't is true:
 What wrong! to give so bright a nymph her due.

ON THE SAME.

IMPATIENT with desire, at last
 I ventur'd to lay forms aside:
 'Twas I was modest, not she chaste;
 Chloe, so gently press'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an am'rous fool,
 I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear:
 Say, Love! how came your slave so dull
 To read no better there?

Thus, to ourselves, the greatest foes,
 Altho' the nymph be well inclin'd,
 For want of courage to propose,
 By our own folly she's unkind.

CORINNA.

CORINNA in the bloom of youth
 Was coy to ev'ry lover;
 Regardless of the tend'rest truth,
 No soft complaint could move her.

Mankind was her's: all at her feet
 Lay prostrate and adoring;
 The witty, handsome, rich, and great,
 In vain alike imploring.

But now, grown old, she would repair
 Her loss of time and pleasure,
 With willing eyes and wanton air
 Inviting ev'ry gazer.

But love's a summer-flow'r, that dies
 With the first weather's changing;
 The lover like the swallow flies,
 From sun to sun still ranging.

Mira! let this example move
 Your foolish heart to reason:
 Youth is the proper time for love,
 And age is virtue's season.

ON THE SAME.

So well Corinna likes the joy,
 She vows she'll never more be coy;
 She drinks eternal draughts of pleasure;
 Eternal draughts do not suffice;
 "O! give me, give me more," she cries,
 "'Tis all too little, little measure."

Thus wisely she makes up for time
 Mispent while youth was in its prime:
 So travellers who waste the day,
 Careful and cautious of their way,

Noting at length the setting sun,
 They mend their pace as night comes on,
 Double their speed to reach their inn,
 And whip and spur thro' thick and thin. 14

BELINDA.

BELINDA's pride's an arrant cheat,
 A foolish artifice to blind;
 Some honest glance, that scorns deceit,
 Does still reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and forc'd disdain,
 She idly acts the saint;
 We see thro' this disguise as plain
 As we distinguish paint.

So have I seen grave fools design
 With formal looks to pass for wise; 10
 But Nature is a light will shine,
 And break thro' all disguise. 12

CLEORA.

CLEORA has her wish; she weds a peer;
 Her weighty train two pages scarce can bear;
 Persia and both the Indies must provide
 To grace her pomp and gratify her pride;

Of rich brocade a shining robe she wears,
 And gems surround her lovely neck like stars.
 Drawn by six grays of the proud Belgian kind,
 With a long train of livery beads behind,
 She charms the Park, and sets all hearts on fire,
 The ladies' envy and the men's desire. 10
 Beholding thus, "O happy as a queen!"
 We cry. But shift the gaudy flatter'ing scene;
 View her at home in her domestic light,
 For thither she must come, at least at night,
 What has she there? a surly ill-bred lord,
 Who chides, and snaps her up at ev'ry word;
 A brutal sot, who, while she holds his head,
 With drunken filth bedaubs the nuptial bed:
 Sick to the heart, she breathes the nauseous fume
 Of odious steams that poison all the room: 20
 Weeping all night the trembling creature lies,
 And counts the tedious hours when she may rise;
 But most she fears, lest, waking, she should find,
 To make amends, the nionster would be kind.
 Those matchless beauties, worthy of a god,
 Must bear, tho' much averse, the loathsome load.
 What then may be the chance that next ensues?
 Some vile disease fresh reeking from the stews:
 The secret venom, circling in her veins,
 Works thro' her skin, and bursts in bloating stains:
 Her cheeks their freshness lose and wonted grace,
 And an unusual paleness spreads her face: 30

Her eyes grow dim, and her corrupted breath,
 Tainting her gums, infects her ivory teeth:
 Of sharp nocturnal anguish she complains, 35
 And, guiltless of the cause, relates her pains.
 The conscious husband, whom like symptoms seize,
 Charges on her the guilt of their disease,
 Affecting fury, acts a madman's part;
 He'll rip the fatal secret from her heart! 40
 Bids her confess, calls her ten thousand names;
 In vain she kneels, she weeps, protests, exclaims:
 Scarce with her life she 'scapes, expos'd to shame,
 In body tortur'd, murder'd in her fame, }
 Rots with a vile adulteress's name; 45 }
 Abandon'd by her friends, without defence,
 And happy only in her innocence.

Such is the vengeance the just gods provide
 For those who barter liberty for pride;
 Who impiously invoke the pow'rs above 50
 To witness to false vows of mutual love.
 Thousands of poor Cleoras may be found;
 Such husbands and such wretched wives abound.

Ye guardian Pow'rs! the arbiters of bliss,
 Preserve Clarinda from a fate like this: 55
 You form'd her fair, not any grace deny'd,
 But gave, alas! a spark too much of pride:
 Reform that failing, and protect her still;
 O save her from the curse of chusing ill!

Deem it not envy, or a jealous care,
 That moves these wishes, or provokes this pray'r.
 Tho' worse than death I dread to see those charms
 Allotted to some happier mortal's arms,
 Tormenting thought! yet could I bear that pain,
 Or any ill, but hearing her complain:
 Intent on her, my love forgets his own,
 Nor frames one wish but for her sake alone.
 Whome'er the gods have destin'd to prefer,
 They cannot make me wretched blessing her. 69

PHYLLIS DRINKING.

I.
 WHILE Phyllis is drinking, Love and Wine in al-
 With forces united, bid rebellious defiance;
 By the touch of her lips the wine sparkles higher,
 And her eyes by her drinking redouble their fire.

II.
 Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
 As flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh odour;
 Each dart dipp'd in wine gives a wound beyond curing,
 And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more endu-

III.
 Then, Phyllis! begin, let our raptures abound,
 And a kiss and a glass be still going round; 10
 Relieving each other our pleasures are lasting,
 And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a-tasting. 12

ON AN ILL-FAVOUR'D LORD,

THAT Macro's looks are good let no man doubt,
 Which I, his friend and servant—thus make out:
 In ev'ry line of his perfidious face
 The secret malice of his heart we trace;
 So fair the warning, and so plainly writ,
 Let none condemn the light that shows a pit.
 Cocles, whose face finds credit for his heart,
 Who can escape so smooth a villain's art?
 Adorn'd with ev'ry grace that can persuade,
 Seeing we trust, tho' sure to be betray'd:
 His looks are snares, but Macro's cry Beware;
 Believe not tho' ten thousand oaths he swear.
 If thou'rt deceiv'd, observing well this rule,
 Not Macro is the knave, but thou the fool.
 In this one point he and his looks agree,
 As they betray their master—so did he.

16

WOMEN.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd: we play
 A round or two; when us'd we throw away;
 Take a fresh pack: nor is it worth our grieving
 Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving.

4

ADIEU L'AMOUR.

HERE end my chains, and thralldom cease;
 If not in joy, I'll live at least in peace.
 Since for the pleasures of an hour
 We must endure an age of pain,
 I'll be this abject thing no more: 5
 Love! give me back my heart again.

Despair tormented first my breast,
 Now Falsehood, a more cruel guest.
 O! for the peace of human-kind,
 Make women longer true or sooner kind. 10
 With justice or with mercy reign,
 O Love! or give me back my heart again. 12

SENT TO CLARINDA,

WITH A NOVEL, ENTITLED,

LES MALHEURS DE L'AMOUR.

HASTE to Clarinda, and reveal
 Whatever pains poor lovers feel;
 When that is done, then tell the fair 3
 That I endure much more for her.
 Who'd truly know love's pow'r or smart,
 Must view her eyes and read my heart. 6

EPISTLES.

TO THE

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

On his happy accomplishment of the marriage between his Royal Highness and the Princess Mary d'Este of Modena. Written several years after, in imitation of the style of Mr. Waller.

His Juno barren, in unfruitful joys
 Our British Jove his nuptial hours employs:
 So Fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,
 And all our prospect, gallant York! in thee.
 By the same with aspiring queens are led,
 Each languishing, to mount his royal bed;
 His youth, his wisdom, and his early fame,
 Create in ev'ry breast a rival flame;
 Remotest kings sit trembling on their thrones,
 As if no distance could secure their crowns;
 Fearing his valour, wisely they contend
 To bribe with beauty so renown'd a friend.
 Beauty the price, there need no other arts;
 Love is the surest bait for heroes' hearts;
 Nor can the fair conceal as high concern
 To see the prince for whom, unseen, they burn.
 Brave York! attending to the general voice,
 At length resolves to make the wish'd-for choice:

To noble Mordaunt, generous and just,
Of his great heart he gives the sacred trust. 20

"Thy choice," said he, "shall well direct that heart
"Where thou, my best belov'd, hast such a part:
"In council oft', and oft' in battle try'd,
"Betwixt thy master and the world decide."

The chosen Mercury prepares t' obey 25
This high command. Gently, ye Winds! convey,
And with auspicious gales his safety wait,
On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.

So Jason, with his Argonauts, from Greece
To Colchos sail'd, to seek the Golden Fleece. 30

As when the goddesses came down of old
On Ida's hill, so many ages told,

With gifts their young Dardanian judge they try'd,
And each bade high to win him to her side;

So tempt they him, and emulously vie 35
To bribe a voice that empires would not buy:

With balls and banquets his pleas'd sense they bait,
And queens and kings upon his pleasures wait.

Th' impartial judge surveys, with vast delight,
All that the sun surrounds of fair and bright; 40

Then, strictly just, he, with adoring eyes,
To radiant Esté gives the royal prize.

Of antique stock her high descent she brings,
Born to renew the race of Britain's kings.

Who could deserve like her, in whom we see 45
United all that Paris found in three?

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O equal pair ! when both were set above
All other merit but each other's love.

Welcome, bright Princess! to Great Britain's shore,
As Berecynthia to high heav'n, who bore 50
That shining race of goddeffes and gods
That fill'd the skies, and rul'd the blest'd abodes :
From thee my Muse expects as noble themes,
Another Mars and Jove, another James :
Our future hopes all from thy womb arise, 55
Our present joy and safety from your eyes ;
Those charming eyes ! which shine to reconcile
To harmony and peace our stubborn Isle.
On brazen Memnon Phœbus casts a ray,
And the tough metal so salutes the day. 60

The British dame, fam'd for resistless grace,
Contented not now but for the second place ;
Our love suspended, we neglect the fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.
So sang the Syrens, with enchanting sound, 65
Enticing all to listen and be drown'd,
Till Orpheus ravish'd in a nobler strain ;
They ceas'd to sing, or singing charm'd in vain.

This blest'd alliance, Peterborough ! may
Th' indebted nation bounteously repay ; 70
Thy statues, for the Genius of our land,
With palm adorn'd, on ev'ry threshold stand. 72

Utinam modo dicere possem
Carmina digna Dea: certe est Dea carmine digna.

Of equal pain which both were set above

TO THE KING;

WELCOME, bright Prince, to Great Britain's shore,
IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S REIGN.

MAY all thy years, like this, auspicious be,
And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victory!
Scarce hadst thou time t' unsheath thy conqu'ring
It did but glitter, and the rebels fled; [blade;
Thy sword, the safeguard of thy brother's throne, is
Is now as much the bulwark of thy own.

Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations send
Throughour the world to court so firm a friend;
The guilty senates that refus'd thy sway
Repent their crime, and hasten to obey;
Tribute they raise, and vows and off'rings bring;
Confess their frenzy, and confirm their king;
Who with their venom overspread thy soil,
Those scorpions of the state, present their oil.

So the world's Saviour, like a mortal dress'd,
Altho' by daily miracles confess'd,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the Jews,
The giddy crowd their rightful Prince refuse;
But when they saw such terror in the skies,
The temple rent, their King in glory rise,
Seiz'd with amazè they own'd their lawful Lord,
And, struck with guilt, bow'd, trembled, and ador'd.

United all the world in one mind
United all the world in one mind

TO THE KING.

THO' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
 Thou chusest not to conquer men, but hearts;
 Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
 But thou prefer'st the name of just to Great.
 So Jove suspends his subject-world to doom,
 Which would he please to thunder he'd consume.
 O! could the ghosts of mighty heroes dead
 Return on earth, and quit th' Elysian shade,
 Brutus to James would trust the people's cause;
 Thy justice is a stronger guard than laws: 10
 Marius and Sylla would resign to thee,
 Nor Caesar and great Pompey rivals be,
 Or rivals only who should best obey,
 And Cato give his voice for regal sway. 14

TO THE KING.

HEROES of old, by rapine and by spoil,
 In search of fame did all the world embroil.
 Thus to their gods each then ally'd his name,
 This sprang from Jove, and that from Titan came.
 With equal valour, and the same success,
 Dread King! might 'st thou the universe oppress;
 But Christian laws constrain thy martial pride;
 Peace is thy choice, and piety thy guide.
 By thy example kings are taught to sway,
 Heroes to fight, and saints may learn to pray. 10

From gods descended, and of race divine,
 Nestor in council and Ulysses shine;
 But in a day of battle all would yield
 To the fierce master of the seven-fold shield.
 Their very deities were grac'd no more;
 Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore;
 But all perfections meet in James alone,
 And Britain's king is all the gods in one. 18

TO MR. WALLER.

In answer to Mr. Waller's verses to the Author.

WHEN into Libya the young Grecian came,
 To talk with Hammon, and consult for fame;
 When from the sacred tripod where he stood
 The priest, inspir'd, saluted him a god;
 Scarce such a joy that haughty victor knew, 5
 Thus own'd by Heav'n, as I, thus prais'd by you.
 Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers show
 Have more than empire, and immortal grow;
 Ages to come shall scorn the pow'rs of old,
 When in thy verse of greater gods they're told; 10
 Our beauteous queen and royal James's name
 For Jove and Juno shall be plac'd by Fame;
 Thy Charles for Neptune shall the seas command;
 And Sacharissa shall for Venus stand;
 Greece shall no longer boast, nor haughty Rome;
 But think from Britain all the gods did come. 16

TO MIRA.

I.

Warn'd and made wise by others' flame,
 I fled from whence such mischiefs came;
 Shunning the sex that kills at sight,
 I sought my safety in my flight.

II.

But, ah! in vain from Fate we fly;
 For, first or last, as all must die,
 So 't is as much decreed above
 That, first or last, we all must love.

III.

My heart, which stood so long the shock
 Of winds and waves, like some firm rock, 10
 By one bright spark from Mira thrown,
 Is into flame, like powder, blown. 12

TO MIRA.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

I.

No warning of th' approaching flame,
 Swiftly like sudden death it came:
 Like travellers by lightning kill'd,
 I burnt the moment I beheld.

II.

On whom so many charms are plac'd,
 Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
 The case, so shining to behold,
 Is fill'd with richest gems and gold.

III.

To what my eyes admir'd before
 I add a thousand graces more,
 And Fancy blows into a flame
 The spark that from her beauty came.

IV.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
 By my own image I am caught:
 Pygmalion so, with fatal art,
 Polish'd the form that *slung his heart*.

TO MIRA.

I.

WHEN wilt thou break, my stubborn heart?
 O Death! how slow to take my part!
 Whatever I pursue denies;
 Death, Death itself, like *Mira*, flies.

II.

Love and Despair, like twins, possess
 At the same fatal birth my breast:
 No hope could be; her scorn was all
 That to my destin'd lot could fall.

III.

I thought, alas! that Love could dwell
 But in warm climes, where no snow fell;
 Like plants that kindly heat require
 To be maintain'd by constant fire.

IV.

That without hope 't would die as soon,
 A little hope—but I have none.
 On air the poor chamelions thrive;
 Deny'd ev'n that, my love can live. 13

V.

As toughest trees in storms are bred,
 And grow in spite of winds, and spread,
 The more the tempest tears and shakes
 My love, the deeper root it takes. 20

VI.

Despair, that aconite does prove,
 And certain death, to others' love;
 That poison, never yet withstood,
 Does nourish mine, and turns to food. 25

VII.

O! for what crime is my torn heart
 Condemn'd to suffer deathless smart?
 Like sad Prometheus, thus to lie
 In endless pain, and never die. 28

TO MIRA.

NATURE indulgent, provident, and kind,
 In all things that excel some use design'd.
 The radiant sun, of ev'ry heav'nly light
 The first, (did Mira not dispute that right)

Sends from above ten thousand blessings down, 5
 Nor is he set so high for show alone;
 His beams reviving with auspicious fire,
 Freely we all enjoy what all admire.
 The moon and stars, those faithful guides of night,
 Are plac'd to help, not entertain, the sight. 10
 Plants, fruits, and flowers, the fertile fields produce,
 Not for vain ornament, but wholesome use;
 Health they restore, and nourishment they give;
 We see with pleasure, but we taste to live.
 Then think not, Mira! that thy form was meant
 More to create desire than to content. 16
 Would the just gods so many charms provide
 Only to gratify a mortal's pride?
 Would they have form'd thee so above thy sex
 Only to play the tyrant, and to vex? 20
 'Tis impious pleasure to delight in harm;
 And beauty should be kind as well as charm. 22

TO MIRA.

SINCE truth and constancy are vain,
 Since neither love, nor sense of pain,
 Nor force of reason, can persuade,
 Then let example be obey'd.
 In courts and cities could you see
 How well the wanton fools agree,

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Were all the curtains drawn, you'd find
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.

Minerva, naked from above,
With Venus and the wife of Jove,
Exposing ev'ry beauty bare,
Descended to the Trojan heir;
Yet this was she whom poets name
Goddeſs of Chastity and Fame.

Penelope, her lord away,
Gave am'rous audiences all day;
Now round the bowl the suitors sit,
With wine provoking mirth and wit;
Then down they take the stubborn bow;
Their strength, it seems, she needs must know: 20
Thus twenty cheerful winters past;
She's yet immortaliz'd for chaste.
Smile, Mira! then; reward my flame,

And be as much secure of fame:
By all those matchless beauties fir'd, 25
By my own matchless love inspir'd,
So will I sing, such wonders write,
That, when th' astonish'd world shall cite
A nymph of spotless worth and fame,
Mira shall be th' immortal name. 30

TO MIRA.

I.

So calm and so serene but now,
 What means this change on Mira's brow?
 Her aguish love now glows and burns,
 Then chills and shakes, and the cold fit returns.

II.

Mock'd with deluding looks and smiles, 5
 When on her pity I depend,
 My airy hope she soon beguiles,
 And laughs to see my torments never end.

III.

So up the steepy hill with pain
 The weighty stone is roll'd in vain, 10
 Which, having touch'd the top, recoils,
 And leaves the lab'rer to renew his toils. 12

TO MIRA.

THOUGHTFUL nights and restless waking,
 Oh the pains that we endure!
 Broken faith, unkind forsaking,
 Ever doubting, never sure.

II.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours, 5
 What a race has Love to run!
 False protesting, fleeting favours,
 Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

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III.

Still complaining and defending,
 Both to love, yet not agree;
 Fears tormenting, passion rending,
 Oh the pangs of jealousy!
 IV.
 From such painful ways of living,
 Ah! how sweet! could love be free;
 Still presenting, still receiving,
 Pierce immortal ecstacy.

TO MIRA.

PREPAR'D to rail, resolv'd to part,
 When I approach the perjur'd fair,
 What is it awes my tim'rous heart?
 Why does my tongue forbear?
 With the least glance a little kind,
 Such wondrous pow'r have Mira's charms,
 She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
 And all my rage disarms.
 III.
 Forgetful of her broken vows,
 When gazing on that form divine,
 Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
 Nor dares her slave repine.

TO MIRA.

LOST in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
 Whom now her smiles reviv'd her scorn destroys:
 She will, and she will not; she grants, denies,
 Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies;
 Approving and rejecting in a breath, 5
 Now proff'ring mercy, now presenting death.
 Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure,
How various are the torments I endure!
 Cruel estate of doubt! ah, Mira! try
 Once to resolve—Or let me live or die. 10

TO FLAVIA.

WRITTEN ON HER GARDEN IN THE NORTH, &c.

WHAT charm is this, that in the midst of snow,
 Of storms and blasts, the choicest fruits do grow?
 Melons on beds of ice are taught to bear,
 And strangers to the sun yet ripen here:
 On frozen ground the sweetest flow'rs arise,
 Unseen by any light but Flavia's eyes:
 Where'er she treads, beneath the charmer's feet
 The rose, the jasmine, and the lilies, meet:
 Where'er she looks, behold some sudden birth
 Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth!
 In midst of mountains and unfruitful ground
 As rich an Eden as the first is found.

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In this new paradise the goddess reigns
 In sovereign state, and mocks the lover's pains:
 Beneath those beams that scorch us from her eyes 15
 Her snowy bosom still unmelted lies:
 Love from her lips spreads all his odours round,
 But bears on ice, and springs from frozen ground.
 So cold the clime that can such wonders bear,
 The garden seems an emblem of the fair. 20

TO FLAVIA,

*Her gardens having escaped a flood that had laid all the
 country round under water.*

WHAT hands divine have planted and protect
 The torrent spares, and deluges respect;
 So when the waters o'er the world were spread,
 Covering each oak, and ev'ry mountain's head,
 The chosen Patriarch sail'd within his ark, 3
 Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the sacred bark.
 The charming Flavia is no less, we find,
 The favourite of Heav'n than of mankind:
 The gods, like rivals, imitate our care,
 And vie with mortals to oblige the fair. 10
 These favours, thus bestow'd on her alone,
 Are but the homage which they send her down.

O Flavia! may thy virtue from above
 Be crown'd with blessings endless as my love! 14

TO DAPHNE.

A ROMAN and a Greek our praise divide,
 Nor can we yet who best deserv'd decide.
 Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
 Some for your wit, some for your eyes, declare:
 Debates arise which captivates us most,
 And none can tell the charm by which he's lost.
 The bow and quiver does Diana bear,
 Cybele the lions, Pallas has the spear:
 Poets such emblems to their gods assign,
 Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine.

TO MRS. GRANVILLE

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

AFTERWARDS LADY CONWAY.

Love, like a tyrant whom no laws constrain,
 Now for some ages kept the world in pain;
 Beauty by vast destructions got renown,
 And lovers only by their rage were known;
 But Granville, more auspicious to mankind,
 Conqu'ring the heart, as much instructs the mind;
 Bless'd in the fate of her victorious eyes,
 Seeing we love, and hearing we grow wise:
 So Rome, for wisdom as for conquest fam'd,
 Improv'd with arts whom she by arms had tam'd.

Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
 Nothing lies hid from her inquiring sight;
 Athens and Rome for arts restor'd rejoice,
 Their language takes new music from her voice.
 Learning and Love in the same seat we find, 15
 So bright her eyes, and so adorn'd her mind.

Long had Minerva govern'd in the skies,
 But now descends confess'd to human eyes:
 Behold in Granville that inspiring queen
 Whom learned Athens so ador'd unseen. 20

TO THE

COUNTESS OF NEWBOURGH,

Insisting earnestly to be told who I meant by Mira.

WITH Mira's charms, and my extreme despair,
 Long had my Muse amaz'd the reader's ear,
 My friends with pity heard the mournful sound,
 And all inquir'd from whence the fatal wound;
 Th' astonish'd world beheld an endless flame, 5
 Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came:
 So scatter'd fire from scorch'd Vesuvius flies,
 Unknown the source from whence those flames arise,
 Egyptian Nile so spreads its waters round,
 O'erflowing far and near, its head unfound. 10

Mira herself, touch'd with the moving song,
 Would needs be told to whom those plaints belong;

K

My tim'rous tongue, not daring to confess,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her guess:
Impatient of excuse she urges still,
Perfists in her demand; she must, she will;
If silent, I am threaten'd with her hate;
If I obey—ah! what may be my fate?
Uncertain to conceal or to unfold,
She smiles—the goddess smiles!—and I grow bold.

My vows to Mira all were meant to thee,
The praise, the love, the matchless constancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames
Were grac'd by poets each with sev'ral names;
For Venus Cytherea was invoc'd,
Altars for Pallas to Tritonia smok'd:
Such names were theirs; and thou, the most divine,
Most lov'd, of heav'nly beauties—Mira's thine.

TO MRS. HIGGONS,

*Occasioned by some verses written by that lady, and sent the
Author in his retirement, 1690.*

CEASE, tempting Syren! cease thy flatt'ring strain;
Sweet is thy charming song, but sung in vain.
When the winds blow, and loud the tempests roar,
What fool would trust the waves and quit the shore?
Early and vain into the world I came,
Big with false hopes, and eager after fame,
Till looking round me ere the race began,
Madmen and giddy fools were all that ran.

Reclaim'd betimes I from the lists retire,
 And thank the gods who my retreat inspire. 10
 In happier times our ancestors were bred,
 When virtue was the only path to tread.
 Give me, ye Gods! but the same road to fame;
 Whate'er my fathers dar'd I dare the same.
 Chang'd is the scene; some baneful planet rules 15
 An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.
 Look now around, and with impartial eyes
 Consider and examine all who rise;
 Weigh well their actions and their treach'rous ends;
 How greatness grows, and by what steps ascends; 20
 What murders, treasons, perjuries, deceit;
 How many crush'd to make one monster great!
 Would you command, have Fortune in your pow'r?
 Hug when you stab, and smile when you devour;
 Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lie; 25
 Turn pander, pathic, parasite, or spy;
 Such thriving arts may your wish'd purpose bring,
 A minister at least, perhaps a king.

Fortune we most unjustly partial call,
 A mistress free, who bids alike to all; 30
 But on such terms as only suit the base;
 Honour denies, and shuns the foul embrace.
 The honest man, who starves and is undone,
 Not Fortune, but his virtue, keeps him down.
 Had Cato bent beneath the conqu'ring cause, 35
 He might have liv'd to give new Senates laws;

But on vile terms disdaining to be great;
 He perish'd by his choice, and not his fate.
 Honours and life th' usurper bids, and all
 That vain mistaken men Good-fortune call;
 Virtue forbids, and sets before his eyes
 An honest death, which he accepts, and dies.
 O glorious resolution! noble pride!
 More honour'd than the tyrant liv'd he dy'd;
 More lov'd, more prais'd, more env'y'd, in his doom
 Than Cæsar trampling on the rights of Rome.
 The virtuous nothing fear but life with shame,
 And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.

On bones and scraps of dogs let me be fed,
 My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
 To bleakest colds, a kennel be my bed:
 This, and all other martyrdom, for thee
 Seems glorious all, thrice-beauteous Honesty!
 Judge me, ye Pow'rs! let Fortune tempt or frown,
 I stand prepar'd; my honour is my own.

Ye great Disturbers! who, in endless noise,
 In blood and rapine, seek unnat'ral joys;
 For what is all this bustle but to shun
 Those thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
 As men in misery, oppress'd with care,
 Seek in the rage of wine to drown despair.
 Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
 Regardless if the cause be bad or good,

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Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
 Of strutting pigmies, who would pass for gods;
 For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers' school, 66
 Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool;
 Who honour gen'rous Wycherley oppress,
 Possess'd of little, worthy of the best;
 Rich in himself, in virtue that outlines 70
 All but the fame of his immortal lines,
 More than the wealthiest lord, who helps to drain
 The famish'd land, and rolls in impious gain;
 What can I hope in courts, or how succeed?
 Tigers and wolves shall in the ocean breed, 75
 The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
 And ev'ry element exchange its kind,
 Ere thriving Honesty in courts we find.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
 Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free; 80
 Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears torment,
 But lives at peace, within himself content;
 In thought or act accountable to none
 But to himself and to the gods alone.
 O sweetness of Content! seraphic joy! 85
 Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.

Where dwells this peace, this freedom, of the mind?
 Where but in shades remote from human-kind,
 In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and shepherds meet,
 But never comes within the palace-gate. 90

Farewell then, Cities; Courts and Camps, farewell;
 Welcome ye Groves! here let me ever dwell;
 From cares, from bus'ness and mankind, remove,
 All but the Muses and inspiring Love.
 How sweet the morn, how gentle is the night! 95
 How calm the ev'ning, and the day how bright!

From hence, as from a hill, I view below
 The crowded world, a mighty wood in show!
 Where sev'ral wand'ers travel day and night
 By diff'rent paths, and none are in the right. 100

TO MY FRIEND

MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

On his several excellent Translations of the Ancient Poets.

As flow'rs transplanted from a southern sky
 But hardly bear, or in the raising die;
 Missing their native sun at best retain
 But a faint odour, and survive with pain;
 Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught, 5
 Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
 Is a dead image and a senseless draught: }
 While we transfuse the nimble spirit flies,
 Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.
 Who then to copy Roman wit desire 10
 Must imitate with Roman force and fire,

In elegance of style and phrase the same,
And in the sparkling genius and the flame:
Whence we conclude, from thy translated song,
So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong; 15
Celestial Poet! soul of Harmony!

That ev'ry Genius was reviv'd in thee.
Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to heav'n their flight:
Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays, they shine; 20
All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.

As Britain in rich soil abounding wide,
Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,
Yet spreads her wanton sails on ev'ry shore
For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more; 25
To her own wool the silks of Asia joins,
And to her plenteous harvests Indian mines;
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own Works, tho' an immortal name,
To lands remote sends forth his learned Muse; 30
The noblest seeds of foreign wit to chuse.
Feasting our sense so many various ways,
Say, is 't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise?
That, by comparing others, all might see
Who most excell'd are yet excell'd by thee. 35

TO MY DEAR KINSMAN

CHARLES LORD LANSDOWNE,

Upon the bombardment of the town of Granville in Normandy by the English fleet.

Tho' built by gods, consum'd by hostile flame
 Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name;
 And so shall thine, tho' with these walls were lost
 All the records our ancestors could boast.
 For Latium conquer'd, and for Turnus slain, 5
 Æneas lives, tho' not one stone remain
 Where he arose. Nor art thou less renown'd
 For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian ground.

Those arms * which, for nine centuries, had brav'd
 The wrath of Time, on antique stone engrav'd, 10
 Now torn by mortars, stand yet undefac'd
 On nobler trophies, by thy valour rais'd:
 Safe on thy Eagle's † wings, they soar above
 The rage of war or thunder to remove,
 Borne by the bird of Cæsar and of Jove. 15

* The Granville arms, still remaining at that time on one of the gates of the town.

† He was created a Count of the Empire, the family arms to be borne for ever upon the breast of the Imperial Spread Eagle.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON sick! in ev'ry face we find
 His danger is the danger of mankind,
 Whose art protecting, Nature could expire
 But by a deluge or the general fire.
 More lives he saves than perish in our wars,
 And faster than a plague destroys repairs:
 The bold carouser and advent'rous dame
 Nor fear the fever nor refuse the flame:
 Safe in his skill, from all restraint set free
 But conscious shame, remorse, or piety. 10

Sire of all arts *! defend thy darling son;
 O! save the man whose life 's so much our own;
 On whom, like Atlas, the whole world 's reclin'd,
 And by restoring Garth preserve mankind. 14

* Apollo, god of Poetry and Physic.

TO MRS. AFRA BEHN.

Two warrior chiefs * the voice of Fame divide,
 Who best deserv'd not Plutarch could decide :
 Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
 Some for your wit; some for your eyes, declare ;
 Debates arise which captivates us most, 5
 And none can tell the charm by which he's lost.
 The bow and quiver does Diana bear,
 Venus the dove, Pallas the shield and spear :
 Poets such emblems to their gods assign ;
 Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine. 10

* Alexander and Cæsar.

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SONGS.

THYRSIS AND DELIA.

SONG IN DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

DELIA! how long must I despair,
And tax you with disdain,
Still to my tender love severe,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DEL. When men of equal merit love us,
And do with equal ardour sue,
Thyrsis! you know but one must move us.
Can I be your's and Strephon's too?

My eyes view both with mighty pleasure,
Impartial to your high desert;
To both alike esteem I measure;
To one alone can give my heart.

THYR. Mysterious guide of inclination,
Tell me, Tyrant! why am I,
With equal merit, equal passion,
Thus the victim chosen to die?
Why am I
The victim chosen to die?

DEL. On Fate alone depends success,
 And fancy reason over-rules, 20
 Or why should virtue ever miss
 Reward, so often giv'n to fools?

'Tis not the valiant nor the witty,
 But who alone is born to please:
 Love does predestinate our pity;
 We chuse but whom he first decrees. 26

SONG.

I'LL tell her the next time, said I;
 In vain! in vain! for when I try,
 Upon my tim'rous tongue the trembling accents die.
 Alas! a thousand thousand fears
 Still overawe when she appears;
 My breath is spent in sighs, my eyes are drown'd in
 tears. 6

SONG. TO MIRA.

"Foolish Love! begone," said I,
 "Vain are thy attempts on me;
 "Thy soft allurements I defy:
 "Women, those fair dissemblers, fly;
 "My heart was never made for thee." 3

Love heard, and straight prepar'd a dart:

"Mira, revenge my cause," said he.

Too sure 't was shot; I feel the smart;

It rends my brain, and tears my heart:

O Love! my conqu'ror, pity me.

SONG TO MIRA.

Forsaken of my kindly stars,

Within this melancholy grove

I waste my days and nights in tears,

A victim to ingrateful Love.

The happy still untimely end:

Death flies from grief; or why should I

So many hours in sorrow spend,

Wishing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye Powers! take pity of my pain;

This, only this, is my desire;

Ah! take from Mira her disdain,

Or let me with this sigh expire.

SONG. TO MIRA.

WHY should a heart so tender break?
 O Mira! give its anguish ease;
 The use of beauty you mistake,
 Not meant to vex but please.

Those lips for smiling were design'd,
 That bosom to be prest;
 Your eyes to languish and look kind,
 For am'rous arms your wait.
 Each thing has its appointed right
 Establish'd by the pow'rs above;
 The sun to give us warmth and light,
 Mira to kindle love.

SONG. TO MIRA.

WHY, cruel Creature! why so bent
 To vex a tender heart?
 To gold and title you relent,
 Love throws in vain his dart.

II.

Let glitt'ring fools in courts be great,
 For pay let armies move,
 Beauty should have no other bait
 But gentle vows and love.

III.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

10

IV.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Mira! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

16

SONG.

I.

THE happiest mortals once were we,
I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
Each desirous of the blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing.
I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
The happiest mortals once were we.

II.

But since cruel Fates dissever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriended me:
Of all pains the greatest pain
Is to love, and love in vain.

12

III

SONG.

LOVE is by **Fancy** led about,
 From hope to fear, from joy to doubt,
 Whom we now an angel call,
 Divinely grac'd in ev'ry feature,
 Straight 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature.
 Love and hate are fancy all.
 'Tis but as Fancy shall present
 Objects of grief or of content,
 That the lover's bless'd or dies.
 Visions of mighty pain or pleasure,
 Imagin'd want, imagin'd treasure,
 All in pow'rful Fancy lies.

SONG. TO CLARINDA,

IN vain a thousand slaves have try'd
 To overcome Clarinda's pride;
 Pity pleading,
 Love persuading,
 When her icy heart is thaw'd
 Honour chides, and straight she's aw'd.

Foolish creature! follow Nature,
 Waste not thus your prime;
 Youth's a treasure,
 Love's a pleasure,
 Both destroy'd by Time. 11

SONG. TO THE SAME.

CLARINDA, with a haughty grace,
 In scornful postures sets her face,
 And looks as she were born alone
 To give us love, and take from none. 4

Tho' I adore to that degree,
 Clarinda! I would die for thee,
 If you're too proud to ease my pain,
 I am too proud for your disdain. 8

DRINKING SONG. TO SLEEP.

GREAT god of Sleep, since it must be
 That we must give some hours to thee,
 Invade me not while the free bowl
 Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul;
 That be my only time to snore
 When I can laugh and drink no more.
 Short, very short, be then thy reign,
 For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again. 11

But, O! if melting in my arms
 In some soft dream, with all her charms,
 The nymph below'd should then surprise;
 And grant what waking she denies;
 Then, gentle Slumber! pr'y thee stay,
 Slowly, ah! slowly bring the day;
 Let no rude noise my bliss destroy,
 Such sweet delusion's real joy.

16

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PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SHE-GALLANTS:

OR, ONCE A LOVER AND ALWAYS A LOVER.

As quiet monarchs, that on peaceful thrones,
In sports and revels, long had reign'd like drones,
Rousing at length, reflect, with guilt and shame,
That not one stroke had yet been giv'n for fame;
Wars they denounce, and, to redeem the past,
To bold attempts and rugged labours haste:
Our poet so, with like concern, reviews
The youthful follies of a love-sick Muse:
To am'rous toils, and to the silent grove,
To Beauty's snares, and to deceitful Love, 10
He bids farewell; his shield and lance prepares,
And mounts the stage to bid immortal wars.

Vice, like some monster, suff'ring none t' escape,
Has seiz'd the Town, and varies still her shape.
Here, like some general, she struts in state, 15
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait:
There, like some penfive statesman, treads demure,
And smiles, and hugs, to make destruction sure:
Now under high commodores, with looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy colours deck'd; 20

Then in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
 Allows all freedom but to see the face.
 In pulpits and at bar she wears a gown,
 In camps a sword, in palaces a crown.
 Resolv'd to combat with this motley beast, 25
 Our poet comes to strike one stroke at least.

His glass he means not for this jilt or beau,
 Some features of you all he means to show;
 On chosen heads nor lets the thunder fall,
 But scatters his artillery—at all. 30

Yet to the fair he fain would quarter show;
 His tender heart recoils at ev'ry blow:
 If unawares he gives too smart a stroke,
 He means but to correct, and not provoke. 34

: PROLOGUE
 TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

POETS by observation find it true:
 'Tis harder much to please themselves than you:
 To weave a plot, to work and to refine
 A labour'd scene, to polish ev'ry line,
 Judgment must sweat, and feel a mother's pains. 5
 Vain Fools! thus to disturb and rack their brains,
 When, more indulgent to the writer's ease,
 You are too good to be so hard to please:
 No such convulsive pangs it will require
 To write the pretty things which you admire. 10

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* A fan
 written by

Our author then, to please you in your way;
 Presents you now a bauble of a play;
 In gingling rhyme, well fortify'd and strong,
 He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in song.
 If here and there some evil-fated line
 Should chance, thro' inadvertency, to shine,
 Forgive him, Beaus! he means you no offence,
 But begs you, for the love of song and dance,
 To pardon all the poetry and sense.

19 }

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Bevil Higgons' excellent Tragedy, called

THE GENEROUS CONQUEROR.

YOUR comic writer is a common foe;
 None can intrigue in peace, or be a beau;
 Nor wanton wife nor widow can be sped,
 Not even Ruffel* can inter the dead,
 But straight this censor, in his whim of wit,
 Strips and presents you naked to the pit.
 Thus critics should, like these, be branded foes,
 Who for the poison only suck the rose;
 Snarling and carping, without wit or sense,
 Impeach mistakes, o'erlooking excellence,

* A famous undertaker for funerals, alluding to a comedy written by Sir Richard Steele, entitled The Funeral.

As if to ev'ry fop it might belong,
Like senators, to censure right or wrong:

But gen'rous minds have more heroic views,
And love and honour are the themes they chuse. 14
From yon' bright heav'n* our author fetch'd his fire,
And paints the passions that your eyes inspire;
Full of that flame, his tender scenes he warms,
And frames his goddess by your matchless charms. 18

* To the ladies.

PROLOGUE

THE GENEROUS CONQUEROR.

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EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE TO THE SHE-GALLANTS.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE IN MEN'S CLOTHES,

I who have been the poet's spark to-day,
Will now become the champion of his play.
Know all, who would pretend to my good grace,
I mortally dislike a damning face.
Pleas'd or displeas'd, no matter, now 't is past,
The first who dares be angry breathes his last:
Who shall presume to doubt my will and pleasure,
Him I defy to send his weapon's measure.
If war you chuse, and blood must needs be spilt here,
By Jove! let me alone to match your tilter; for
I'll give you satisfaction if I can:
'Sdeath! 't is not the first time I've kill'd my man.
On pain of being posted to your sorrow,
Fail not, at four, to meet me here to-morrow.

EPILOGUE

TO THE JEW OF VENICE,

EACH in his turn, the poet * and the priest †,
 Have view'd the stage, but like false prophets guest,
 The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
 Would silence poets, and reduce the stage.
 The poet, rashly to get clear, retorts
 On kings the scandal, and bespatters courts.
 Both err; for, without minding, to be plain,
 The guilt's your own of ev'ry odious stain.
 The present time still gives the stage its mode;
 The vices that you practise we explode:
 We hold the glass, and but reflect your shame,
 Like Spartans, by exposing to reclaim.
 The scribbler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,
 And to your genius must conform his line;
 Not lewd by choice, but merely to submit.
 Would you encourage sense, sense would be writ.
 Good plays we try, which, after the first day,
 Unseen we act, and to bare benches play.
 Plain sense, which pleas'd your fires an age ago,
 Is lost without the garniture of show.
 At vast expense we labour to our ruin,
 And court your favour with our own undoing.

* Mr. Bryden's Prologue to The Pilgrim.

† Mr. Collier's View of the Stage.

A war of profit mitigates the evil,
 But to be tax'd and beaten—is the devil.
 How was the scene forlorn, and how despis'd, 25
 When Timon without music moraliz'd!
 Shakespear's sublime in vain entic'd the throng
 Without the aid of Purcell's Syren song.

In the same antique loom these scenes were wrought,
 Embellish'd with good morals and just thought; 30
 True Nature in her noblest light you see,
 Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry
 To trifling jests and fulsome ribaldry:
 What rust remains upon the shining mass,
 Antiquity must privilege to pass. 35
 'Tis Shakespear's play, and if these scenes miscarry,
 Let Gormon * take the stage—or Lady Mary †. 37

EPILOGUE

DESIGNED FOR THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

WIT once, like Beauty, without art or dress,
 Naked, and unadorn'd, could find success,
 Till by fruition novelty destroy'd,
 The nymph must find new charms to be enjoy'd.
 As by his equipage the man you prize,
 And ladies must have gems beside their eyes; 5

* A famous prize-fighter.

† A famous rope-dancer so called.

M

So fares it too with plays; in vain we write,
 Unless the music and the dance invite;
 Scarce Hamlet clears the charges of the night;
 Would you but fix some standard how to move,
 We would transform to any thing you love:
 Judge our desire by our cost and pains;
 Sure the expense, uncertain are the gains.
 But tho' we fetch from Italy and France
 Our fopperies of tune, and mode of dance,
 Our sturdy Britons scorn to borrow sense,
 Howe'er to foreign fashions we submit,
 Still ev'ry sōp prefers his mother-wit.
 In only wit this constancy is shown,
 For never was that errant changeling known
 Who for another's sense would quit his own.

Our author would excuse these youthful scenes,
 Begotten at his entrance in his teens:
 Some childish fancies may approve the toy,
 Some like the Muse the more for being a boy; 25
 And ladies should be pleas'd, if not content,
 To find so young a thing not wholly impotent.
 Our stage-reformers, too, he would disarm,
 In charity so cold, in zeal so warm!
 And therefore, to atone for stage-abuses,
 And gain the church-indulgence for the Muses, 30
 He gives his thirds—to charitable uses. 32

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IMITATIONS, &c.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

In imitation of the Pharmaceutria of Theocritus.

Mix, mix the philtres—Quick—the flies, she flies,
Deaf to my call, regardless of my cries.
Are vows so vain? could oaths so feeble prove?
Ah! with what ease she breaks those chains of love!
Whom Love with all his force had bound in vain, &
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Queen of the Night, bright empress of the stars,
The friend of Love! assist a lover's cares: 10
And thou, infernal Hecate! be nigh,
At whose approach fierce wolves affrighted fly,
Dark tombs disclose their dead, and hollow cries
Echo from under ground, Arise, arise.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare; 15
Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As crackling in the fire this laurel lies,
So struggling in love's flame her lover dies:

It bursts, and in a blaze of light expires;
 So may she burn, but with more lasting fires. 20
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As the wax melts which to the flame I hold,
 So may she melt, and never more grow cold.
 'Tough iron will yield, and stubborn marble run, 23
 And hardest hearts by love are melted down.
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As with impetuous motion whirling round
 This magic wheel still moves; yet keeps its ground,
 Ever returning; so may she come back, 31
 And never more th' appointed round forsake.
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Diana! hail; all hail; most welcome thou, 35
 To whom th' infernal king and judges bow:
 O thou! whose art the pow'r of hell disarms,
 Upon a faithless woman try thy charms;
 Hark! the dogs howl. She comes, the goddess comes:
 Sound the loud trumpet, and beat our brazen drums.
 Begin begin, the mystic spells prepare; 41
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

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How calm 's the sky ! how undisturb'd the deep !
 Nature is hush'd, the very tempests sleep ;
 The drowsy winds breathe gently thro' the trees, 43
 And silent on the beach repose the seas :
 Love only wakes : the storm that tears my breast
 For ever rages, and distracts my rest.
 O Love ! relentless Love ! tyrant accurs'd !
 In deserts bred, by cruel tigers nurs'd. 50
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare ;
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

This riband that once bound her lovely waist,
 O that my arms might gird her there as fast !
 Smiling she gave it, and I priz'd it more 53
 Than the rich zone th' Italian goddess wore :
 This riband, this lov'd relic of the fair,
 So kiss'd, and so preserv'd—thus—thus I tear.
 O Love ! why dost thou thus delight to rend
 My soul with pain ? ah ! why torment thy friend ? 60
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare ;
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Thrice have I sacrific'd, and, prostrate, thrice
 Ador'd : assist, ye Pow'rs ! the sacrifice.
 Whoe'er he is whom now the fair beguiles 65
 With guilty glances and with perjur'd smiles,
 Malignant vapours blast his impious head,
 Ye lightnings scorch him, thunder strike him dead,

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 Whoe'er he is whom now the fair beguiles 65
 With guilty glances and with perjur'd smiles,
 Malignant vapours blast his impious head,
 Ye lightnings scorch him, thunder strike him dead,

Horror of conscience all his slumbers break,
 Distract his rest, as love keeps me awake; 70
 If marry'd, may his wife a Helen be,
 And curs'd and scorn'd like Menelaus he!
 Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare;
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

These pow'rful drops thrice on the threshold pour,
 And bathe with this enchanted juice her door; 76
 'That door where no admittance now is found,
 But where my soul is ever hov'ring round.
 Hasten and obey; and binding be the spell.
 Here ends my charm; O Love! succeed it well: 80
 By force of magic stop the flying fair,
 Bring Mira back, my perjur'd wanderer.

'Thou'rt now alone, and painful is restraint;
 Ease thy press'd heart, and give thy sorrows vent; O
 Whence sprang, and how began, these griefs declare,
 How much thy love, how cruel thy despair. 86
 Ye Moon and Stars! by whose auspicious light
 I haunt these groves, and waste the tedious night,
 'Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart. 90

Too late for hope, for my repose too soon,
 I saw, and lov'd; her heart, engag'd, was gone;

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A happier man possess'd whom I adore:

O! I should ne'er have seen, or seen before:

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,

Its killing anguish, and its secret smart,

What shall I do? shall I in silence bear?

Destroy myself, or kill the ravisher?

Die, wretched lover! die: but, O! beware,

Hurt not the man who is belov'd by her:

Wait for a better hour, and trust thy fate:

Thou seek'st her love, beget not then her hate.

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,

Its killing anguish, and its secret smart,

My life consuming with eternal grief,

From herbs and spells I seek a vain relief;

To ev'ry wise magician I repair,

In vain; for still I love, and I despair.

Circe, Medea, and the Sibyls' books,

Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks,

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,

Its killing anguish, and its secret smart,

As melted gold preserves its weight the same,

So burnt my love, nor wasted in the flame.

And now, unable to support the strife,

A glimm'ring hope recalls departing life;

My rival dying, I no longer grieve;
 Since I may ask, and she with honour give.
 Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart. 120

Witness, ye Hours! with what unweary'd care
 From place to place I still pursu'd the fair;
 Nor was Occasion to reveal my flame
 Slow to my succour, for it kindly came:
 It came, it came, that moment of delight! 125
 O gods! and how I trembled at the sight!
 Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Dismay'd and motionless, confus'd, amaz'd;
 Trembling I stood, and terrify'd I gaz'd; 130
 My falt'ring tongue in vain for utterance try'd,
 Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,
 Or in weak sounds and broken accents came
 Imperfect, as discourses in a dream.
 Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart; 135
 Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Soon she divin'd what this confusion meant,
 And guess'd with ease the cause of my complaint:
 My tongue embold'ning as her looks were mild,
 At length I told my griefs—and still she smil'd. 140

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O Syren, Syren! fair Deluder! say,
Why would you tempt to trust, and then betray?
So faithless now, why gave you hopes before?
Alas! you should have been less kind, or more.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Secure of innocence, I seek to know
From whence this change and my misfortunes grow?
Rumour is loud, and ev'ry voice proclaims
Her violated faith and conscious flames.
Can this be true? ah! flatt'ring Mischief! speak,
Could you make vows, and in a moment break?
And can the space so very narrow be
Betwixt a woman's oath and perjury?

O Jealousy! all other ills at first
My love essay'd, but thou art sure the worst.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.

Ungrateful Mira! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once so long I bore.
If passion, dire revenges, or black despair,
Should once prevail beyond what man can bear,
Who knows what I? Ah! feeble rage, and vain;
With how secure a brow she mocks my pain!
Thy heart, fond lover! does thy threats belie;
Canst thou hurt her for whom thou yet wouldst die!

Nor durst she thus thy just resentment brave,
But that she knows how much thy soul's her slave.

But, see! Aurora rising with the sun
Dissolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted moon;
My spells no longer bind at sight of day, 171
And young Endymion calls his love away.
Love's the reward of all on earth, in heav'n,
And for a plague to me alone was given:
But ills not to be shunn'd we must endure; 173
Death and a broken heart's a ready cure.
Cynthia! farewell; go rest thy weary'd light;
I must for ever wake—We'll meet again at night. 178

AN IMITATION

Of the second Chorus

IN THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S THYESTES:

WHEN will the gods, propitious to our prayers,
Compose our factions and conclude our wars?
Ye sons of Inachus! repent the guilt
Of crowns usurp'd, and blood of parents spilt:
For impious greatness vengeance is in store; 3
Short is the date of all ill-gotten pow'r.
Give ear, ambitious Princes! and be wise;
Listen, and learn wherein true greatness lies:
Place not your pride in roofs that shine with gems;
In purple robes, nor sparkling diadems, 10

Nor in dominion nor extent of land;
 He's only great who can himself command;
 Whose guard is peaceful Innocence, whose guide
 Is faithful Reason; who is void of pride,
 Checking ambition, nor is idly vain
 Of the false incense of a popular train;
 Who without strife or envy can behold
 His neighbour's plenty and his heaps of gold,
 Nor covets other wealth but what we find
 In the possessions of a virtuous mind.

Fearless he sees, who is with virtue crown'd,
 The tempest rage, and hears the thunder sound;
 Ever the same, let Fortune smile or frown,
 On the red scaffold or the blazing throne;
 Serenely as he liv'd resigns his breath,
 Meets Destiny half way, nor shrinks at death.

Ye sov'reign Lords! who sit like gods in state,
 Awing the world, and bustling to be great;
 Lords but in title, vassals in effect,
 Whom lust controls, and wild desires direct,
 The reins of empire but such hands disgrace,
 Where Passion, a blind driver, guides the race.

What is this fame, thus crowded round with slaves?
 The breath of fools, the bait of flatt'ring knaves.
 An honest heart, a conscience free from blame,
 Not of great acts, but good, give me the name.
 In vain we plant, we build, our stores increase,
 If conscience roots up all our inward peace.

What need of arms, or instruments of war,
 Or batt'ring engines that destroy from far? 40
 The greatest king and conqueror is he
 Who lord of his own appetites can be;
 Bless'd with a pow'r that nothing can destroy,
 And all have equal freedom to enjoy.

Whom worldly luxury and pomps allure, 45
 They tread on ice, and find no footing sure.
 Place me, ye Pow'rs! in some obscure retreat;
 O keep me innocent, make others great!
 In quiet shades, content with rural sports,
 Give me a life remote from guilty courts, 50
 Where, free from hopes or fears, in humble ease,
 Unheard of, I may live and die in peace.
 Happy the man who thus, retir'd from sight,
 Studies himself, and seeks no other light;
 But, most unhappy he who sits on high, 55
 Expos'd to ev'ry tongue and ev'ry eye,
 Whose follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,
 But are a secret to himself alone: }
 Worfe is an evil fame, much worfe, than none. 59 }

DRAMATIC POEMS.

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASK. SET TO MUSIC.

The Argument.

PELEUS, in love with Thetis, by the assistance of Proteus obtains her favour; but Jupiter interposing, Peleus, in despair, consults Prometheus, famous for his skill in astrology, upon whose prophecy, that the son born of Thetis should prove greater than his father, Jupiter desists. The prophecy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles, the son of Peleus.

Persons in the Mask.

JUPITER. PROMETHEUS.

PELEUS. THETIS.

The SCENE represents Mount Caucasus. Prometheus appears chained to a rock, a vulture gnawing his breast.

PELEUS enters, addressing himself to PROMETHEUS.

PELEUS.

CONDEMN'D ON Caucasus to lie,

Still to be dying, not to die,

With certain pain, uncertain of relief,

True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!

To whose inspecting eye 'tis given

To view the planetary way,

To penetrate eternal day,

And to revolve the starry heav'n:

To thee, Prometheus! I complain,

And bring a heart as full of pain.

N

PROM. From Jupiter spring All our woes!

Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine:

'Tis vain, O Peleus! to oppose

Thy torturer and mine.

Contented with despair,

Resign the fair,

Resign, resign!

Or, wretched Man! prepare

For change of torments great as mine.

PEL. In change of torment would be ease; 20

Could you divine what horrors bear

Ev'n you, Prometheus! would confess

There is no vulture like despair.

PROM. Cease, cruel Vulture! to devour.

PEL. Cease, cruel Thetis! to disdain. 25

THETIS entering, they repeat together.

Cease, cruel Vulture! to devour.

Cease, cruel Thetis! to disdain.

THET. Peleus! unjustly you complain.

PROMETHEUS and PELEUS.

Cease, cruel Vulture! to devour.

Cease, cruel Thetis! to disdain. 30

THET. Peleus! unjustly you complain.

The gods, alas! no refuge find

From ills resistless Fates ordain.

I still am true—and would be kind.

PEL. To love and to languish,

35

To sigh and complain,

How cruel 's the anguish,

How tormenting the pain!

Saig,

Pursuing,

Flying,

Denying,

O the curse of dishonour!

How tormenting 's the pain!

To love, &c.

THET. Accursed Jealousy,

Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,

Thro' which all objects false we see,

Accursed Jealousy

Thy rival, Peleus! rules the sky,

Yet I so prize thy love,

With Peleus I would chuse to die

Rather than reign with **Jove**!

A clap of thunder: Jupiter appears descending upon his

Eagle.

But see, the mighty Thund'rer 's here;

Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.

The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!

Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.

A full chorus of voices and instruments as Jupiter is descending.

descending.

Bring me lightning, give me thunder.

CHORUS.

But see, the mighty Thund'rer's here!
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly,
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer! 60
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly.

JUPITER being descended.

JUP. Presumptuous Slave! rival to Jove,
How dar'st thou, Mortal! thus defy
A goddess with audacious love,
And irritate a god with jealousy? 65
Presumptuous Mortal!—hence—
Tremble at Omnipotence.

PEL. Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himself defy. 70
Jove! lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer lightning in her eye. 75

I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himself defy.

JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunder;
Haste, ye Cyclops! with your forked rods, 80
This rebel Love braves all the gods.
Bring me lightning, give me thunder.

PEL. and THET. *holding fast by one another.*

Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunder. 84

PEL. and THET. Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

THET. to JUP. Thy love still arm'd with fate's edge.

Is dreadful as thy hate.

O might it prove to me,

So gentle Peleus were but free;

O might it prove to me 95

As fatal as to lost consuming Semele!

Thy love still arm'd with fate

Is dreadful as thy hate.

PROM. to JUP. Son of Saturn, take advice

From one whom thy severe decree 99

Has furnish'd leisure to grow wise:

Thou rul'st the gods, but Fate rules thee.

THE PROPHECY.

Whoe'er th' immortal maid comprehending

Shall taste joy and reap the blessing,

Thus th' unerring stars advise: 100

From that auspicious night arise, shall rise,

Paternal glories to efface,

The most illustrious of his race;

Tho' sprang from him who rules the skies.

JUP. apart.] Shall then the son of Saturn be undone,

Like Saturn, by an impious son? 106

Justly th' impartial Fates conspire,
 Dooming that son to be the fire
 Of such another son.
 Conscious of illa that I have done, 110
 My fears to prudence shall advise,
 And guilt, that made me great, shall make me wise.
 The fatal blessing I resign;
 Peleus! take the maid divine : [*Giving her to Peleus.*
 Jove consenting, she is thine. 115
 The fatal blessing I resign. [*Joins their hands.*

PEL. Heav'n had been lost had I been Jove.
 There is no heav'n, there is no heav'n, but love.

PELEUS and THETIS together.

There is no heav'n but love.
 No, no, no; 120
 There is no heav'n but love.
 JUP. to PROM. And thou, the stars' interpreter,
 'Tis just I set thee free
 Who giv'st me liberty;
 Arise, and be thyself a star. 125
 'Tis just I set thee free
 Who giv'st me liberty.

[*The Vulture drops dead at the feet of Prometheus,
 his chains fall off; and he is borne up to heaven with
 Jupiter; to a loud flourish of all the instruments.*

PELEUS and THETIS run into each others' arms.

PEL. Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms!
 Goddess of immortal charms!
 To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly,
 Goddess of transporting joy!

But to gaze
 On thy face,
 Thy gentle hand thus pressing,
 Is heav'nly, heav'nly blessing!
 O my Soul!
 Whither, whither art thou flying?
 Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,
 Whither, whither art thou flying,
 O my Soul!

THET. You tremble, Pelens—So do I—
 Ah, stay! and we'll together die.
 Immortal, and of race divine,
 My soul shall take its flight with thine.
 Life dissolving in delight,
 Heaving breasts and swimming sight,
 Falt'ring speech and gasping breath,
 Symptoms of delicious death;
 Life dissolving in delight,
 My soul is ready for the flight.
 O my Soul!

The French opera is peculiar in the decorations, the setting and magnificence; the Italian excels in the music and voices; but the drama falls short in both.

Whither, whither art thou flying?

Loft in sweet tumultuous dying,

Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my Soul!

Peleus and Thetis both together repeat,

O my Soul! I sigh:

Whither, whither art thou flying?

Loft in sweet tumultuous dying,

Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my Soul!

CHORUS of all the voices and instruments, singing and dancing.

When the storm is blown over

How blest 'tis the swain

Who begins to discover

An end of his pain!

When the storm's o'er.

The Mask concludes with variety of dances.

The Follies drops.

Jupiter, or a loud flourish of all the instruments.

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THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS:

OR, NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE

A DRAMATIC POEM.

With scenes, machines, music, and decorations, &c.

THE PREFACE.

On all public spectacles, that which should properly be called an Opera is calculated to give the highest delight. There is hardly any art but what is required to furnish towards the entertainment; and there is something or other to be provided that may touch every sense, and please every palate.

The poet has a twofold task upon his hands in the dramatic and the lyric; the architect, the painter, the composer, the actor, the singer, the dancer, &c. have each of them their several employments in the preparation, and in the execution.

The same materials, indeed, in different hands, will have different success; all depends upon a skilful mixture of the various ingredients. A bad artist will make but a mere hodge-podge with the same materials that one of a good taste shall prepare an excellent olio.

The seasoning must be sense. Unless there is where-withal to please the understanding, the eye and the ear will soon grow tired.

The French opera is perfect in the decorations, the dancing and magnificence; the Italian excels in the music and voices; but the drama falls short in both.

An English stomach requires something solid and substantial, and will rise hungry from a regale of nothing but sweetmeats.

An opera is a kind of *ambigu*: the table is finely illuminated, adorned with flowers and fruits, and every thing that the season affords fragrant or delightful to the eye or the odour; but unless there is something too for the appetite, it is odds but the guests break up dissatisfied.

It is incumbent upon the poet alone to provide for that in the choice of his fable, the conduct of his plot, the harmony of his numbers, the elevation of his sentiments, and the justness of his characters. In this consists the solid and the substantial.

The nature of this entertainment requires the plot to be formed upon some story in which Enchanters and Magicians have a principal part. In our modern heroic poems they supply the place of the gods with the Ancients, and make a much more natural appearance by being mortals, with the difference only of being endowed with supernatural power.

The characters should be great and illustrious; the figure the actor makes upon the stage is one part of the ornament; by consequence the sentiments must be suitable to the characters in which love and honour will have the principal share.

The dialogue, which in the French and Italian is set to notes, and sung, I would have pronounced: it

the numbers are of themselves harmonious, there will be no need of music to set them off: a good verse, well pronounced, is in itself musical; and speech is certainly more natural for discourse than singing.

Can any thing be more preposterous than to behold Cato, Julius Cæsar, and Alexander the Great, strutting upon the stage in the figure of songsters, personated by eunuchs?

The singing, therefore, should be wholly applied to the lyrical part of the entertainment, which, by being freed from a tiresome, unnatural recitative, must certainly administer more reasonable pleasure.

The several parts of the entertainment should be so suited to relieve one another as to be tedious in none; and the connexion should be such, that not one should be able to subsist without the other: like embroidery, so fixed and wrought into the substance, that no part of the ornament could be removed without tearing the stuff.

To introduce singing and dancing by head and shoulders, no way relative to the action, does not turn a play into an opera, though that title is now promiscuously given to every farce sprinkled here and there with a song and a dance.

The richest lace, ridiculously set on, will make but a fool's coat.

I will not take upon me to criticise what has appeared of this kind on the English stage: we have se-

veral poems under the name of Dramatic Operas by the best hands; but, in my opinion, the Subjects, for the most part, have been improperly chosen! Mr. Addison's *Rosamond*, and Mr. Congreve's *Semele*, though excellent in their kind, are rather masks than operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for the honour of my country, even in the minutest things, I am for endeavouring to outdo our neighbours in performances of all kinds.

Thus, if the splendour of the French opera, and the harmony of the Italian, were so skilfully interwoven with the charms of poetry, upon a regular dramatic bottom, as to instruct as well as delight, to improve the mind as well as ravish the sense, there can be no doubt but such an addition would entitle our English opera to the preference of all others. The third part of the encouragement, of which we have been so liberal to foreigners for a concert of music only, mis-called an opera, would more than effect it.

In the construction of the following Poem the Author has endeavoured to set an example to his rules; precepts are best explained by examples; an abler hand might have executed it better: however, it may serve for a model to be improved upon, when we grow weary of scenes of low life, and return to a taste of more generous pleasures.

We are reproached by foreigners with such unna-

tural irregularities in our dramatic pièces as are shocking to all other nations; even a Swift has played the critic upon us, without considering they are as little approved by the judicious in our own. A stranger who is ignorant of the language, and incapable of judging of the sentiments, condemns by the eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he sees. When Oedipus breaks his neck out of a balcony, and Jocasta appears in her bed murdering herself and her children, instead of moving terror or compassion, such spectacles only fill the spectator with horror: no wonder if strangers are shocked at such sights, and conclude us a nation hardly yet civilized, that can seem to delight in them. To remove this reproach, it is much to be wished our scenes were less bloody, and the sword and dagger more out of fashion. To make some amends for this exclusion, I would be less severe as to the rigour of some other laws enacted by the masters, though it is always advisable to keep as close to them as possible: but reformations are not to be brought about all at once.

It may happen that the nature of certain subjects proper for moving the passions may require a little more latitude; and then, without offence to the critics, sure there may be room for a saving in equity from the severity of the common law of Parnassus as well as of the King's Bench. To sacrifice a principal beauty, upon which the success of the whole may de-

pend, is being too strictly tied down; in such a case *summum jus* may be *summa injuria*.

Corneille himself complains of finding his genius often cramped by his own rules: "There is infinite "difference," says he, "between speculation and "practice: let the severest critic make the trial, he "will be convinced by his own experience, that upon "certain occasions too strict an adherence to the letter of the law shall exclude a bright opportunity of "shining, or touching the passions. Where the breach "is of little moment, or can be contrived to be as it "were imperceptible in the representation, a gentle "dispensation might be allowed." To those little freedoms he attributes the success of his *Cyd*: but the rigid legislators of the Academy handled him so roughly for it, that he never durst make the venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pinioned, the French Muse must always flutter like a bird with the wings cut, incapable of a lofty flight.

The dialogue of their tragedies is under the same constraint as the construction: not a discourse, but an oration; not speaking, but declaiming; not free, natural, and easy, as conversation should be, but precise, set, formal argumenting, *pro* and *con*, like disputants in a school. In writing, like dress, is it not possible to be too exact, too starched, and too formal? Pleasing negligence I have seen: who ever saw pleasing formality?

In a word, all extremes are to be avoided. To be a French Puritan in the drama, or an English Latitudinarian, is taking different paths to be both out of the road. If the British Muse is too unruly, the French is too tame: one wants a curb, the other a spur.

By pleading for some little relaxation from the utmost severity of the rules, where the subject may seem to require it, I am not bespeaking any such indulgence for the present performance: though the Ancients have left us no pattern to follow of this species of tragedy, I perceive, upon examination, that I have been attentive to their strictest lessons.

The unities are religiously observed; the place is the same, varied only into different prospects by the power of enchantment; all the incidents fall naturally within the very time of representation; the plot is one principal action, and of that kind which introduces variety of turns and changes, all tending to the same point; the ornaments and decorations are of a piece with it, so that one could not well subsist without the other; every act concludes with some unexpected revolution; and, in the end, vice is punished, virtue rewarded, and the moral is instructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the dialogue of graver tragedy, seems to me the most proper style for representations of this heroic romantic kind, and best adapted to accompany music. The solemn language of a haughty tyrant will by no means

become a passionate lover, and tender sentiments require the softest colouring.

The theme must govern the style; every thought, every character, every subject of a different nature, must speak a different language. An humble lover's gentle address to his mistress would tumble strangely in the Miltonic dialect; and the soft harmony of Mr. Waller's numbers would as ill become the mouths of Lucifer and Belzebub. The terrible and the tender must be set to different notes of music.

To conclude: this Dramatic attempt was the first essay of a very infant Muse, rather as a taste at such hours as were free from other exercises, than any way meant for public entertainment: but Mr. Betterton, having had a casual sight of it many years after it was written, begged it for the stage, where it found so favourable a reception as to have an uninterrupted run of at least forty days. The separation of the principal actors, which soon followed, and the introduction of the Italian opera, put a stop to its farther appearance.

Had it been composed at a riper time of life the faults might have been fewer: however, upon revising it now, at so great a distance of time, with a cooler judgment than the first conceptions of youth will allow, I cannot absolutely say *Scilicet perit*.

The language of a haughty tyrant will by no means

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS *

Dramatis Personae.

MEN

CELIUS, a British king, father to Oriana.

CONSTANTIUS, a Roman emperor, designed for marriage with Oriana.

AMADIS of Gaul, a famous knight-adventurer, in love with Oriana.

FLORESTAN, his companion, in love with Corisanda.

ARCALAUS, a wicked enchanter, enemy to Amadis.

LUCIUS, a Roman of the emperor's train.

WOMEN.

ORIANA, in love with Amadis, but given in marriage to Constantius.

CORISANDA, betrothed to Florestan.

URGANDA, a good enchantress, friend to Amadis.

ARCABON, sister to Arcalaus.

DELIA, an attendant to Urganda.

Troops of Magicians attending the several Enchanters.

Knights and ladies, captives. Men and women attending the British court. Priests or Druids. Romans attending Constantius, Singers, dancers, &c.

SCENE, the King's Palace and parts adjacent, inhabited by the different Enchanters.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain rises to a symphony of all sorts of instruments of music. The scene represents an enchanted grove, adorned and beautified with fountains, statues, &c. Urganda and Delia performing some solemn ceremony of enchantment. A full stage of singers and dancers.

URGANDA and DELIA

SOUND, found, ye Winds! the rended clouds divide,
Fright back the priest, and save a trembling bride;

* See the Prologue, p. 128.

O ij

Assist an injur'd lover's faithful love;

An injur'd lover's cause is worthy Jove.

DEL. Successful is our charm: the temple shakes,
The altar nods, th' astonish'd priest forsakes.

The hallow'd shrine, harts from the bridegroom's side,
Breaks off the rites, and leaves the knot untied.

URG. Ye sweet Mulicians of the sky!

Hither, hither, hither, fly, fly,

And with enchanting notes all magic else supply.

[Urganda and Delia retire down the scene, waving their
enchanted rods, as continuing the ceremony.]

A full chorus of instruments and voices.

"Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,

"Strike the lyre, inspire the flute;

"In harmony,

"Celestial harmony!"

"All magic charms are found.

"Sound the trumpet, sound."

[Here the Statues leap from their pedestals; and form
a variety of dances.]

CHORUS of Singers after the dance.

"Music so charms, and does so sweetly wound,

"That ev'ry sense is ravish'd with the sound."

A single voice.

"When nymphs are coy,

"And fly from joy,

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"The shepherd takes his reed;
 "He plays a tune,
 "She stops as soon,
 "And straight they are agreed."

25

"The battle near
 "When cowards fear,
 "The drum and trumpet sounds;
 "Their courage warms,
 "They rush to arms,
 "And brave a thousand wounds."

30

CHORUS.

"By harmony our souls are sway'd;
 "By harmony the world was made."

*A second Dance.**Singers again advance.**A single voice.*

"When with adoring looks we gaze
 "On bright Oriana's heavenly face,
 "In ev'ry glance and ev'ry grace
 "What is it that we see
 "But harmony,
 "Celestial harmony!
 "Our ravish'd hearts leap up to meet
 "The music of her eyes,
 "The music of her eyes,
 "And dance around her feet."

35

40

Full CHORUS of voices and instruments as at first.

"Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,

"Strike the lyre, inspire the flute;

"In harmony,

"Celestial harmony!

"All magic charms are found.

"Sound the trumpet, sound."

A third dance.

URGANDA and DELIA come forward.

URG. This care for Amadis, ye Gods! approve, 50

For what's a soldier's recompense but love?

When forc'd from Britain, call'd to distant war,

His vanquish'd heart remain'd a captive here:

Oriana's eyes that glorious conquest made,

Nor was his love ungratefully repaid. 55

DEL. By Arcabon, like hostile Juno, crost,

And, like Æneas, driv'n from coast to coast,

The wand'ring hero would return too late,

Charg'd by Oriana with the crimes of Fate,

Who, anxious of neglect, suspecting change, 60

Consults her pride, and meditates revenge.

URG. Just in the moment when resentment fires,

A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires,

Love yields at last, thus combated by pride,

And she submits to be the Roman's bride. 65

DEL. Did not your art with timely charms provide,
Oriana were his wife and not his bride.

URG. In ancient times, ere chivalry was known,
The infant world with monsters overgrown,
Centaurs, and giants, nurs'd with human blood, 70
And dire magicians, an infernal brood,
Vex'd men and gods; but most the fair complain
Of violated loves, and lovers' pain.

To shelter innocence, and injur'd right,
The nations all elect some patron-knight, 75
Sworn to be true to love, and slaves to fame,
And many a valiant chief enrolls his name;
By shining marks distinguish'd they appear,
And various orders various ensigns wear.

Bound by strict oaths to serve the brightest eyes, 80
Not more they strive for glory than the prize;
While, to invite the toil, the fairest dame
Of Britain is the boldest champion's claim.

DEL. Of all who in this race of fame delight,
Brave Amadis is own'd the hardiest knight: 85
Nor Theseus nor Alcides ventur'd more,
Nor he so fam'd, who, bath'd in monster's gore,
Upon his crested helm the trampled dragon bore.

URG. Ardan, that black enchanter, whose dire arts
Enslav'd our knights, and broke our virgins' hearts;
Met spear to spear, his great delivering hand 91
Slew the destroyer, and redeem'd the land;

Far from thy breast all care and grief remove,
Oriana's thine by conquest as by love.

DEL. But haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood, 95
And Arcalaus, foes alike to good,
Gluttons in murder, wanton to destroy,
Their fatal arts as impiously employ:
Heirs to their brother's mischiefs, and sworn foes
To Amadis, their magic they oppose
Against his love and life.

URG. — With equal care
Their vengeance to prevent we thus prepare.
Behold the time when tender Love shall be
Nor vex'd with doubt nor press'd with tyranny: 105
The love-sick hero shall from camps remove
To reap reward: the hero's pay is love.
The tasks of glory painful are and hard,
But, ah! how blest'd, how sweet, is the reward!

*As she retires, CHORUS of all the voices and instruments
repeat.*

"Sound the trumpet, touch the lute, 110

"Strike the lyre, inspire the flute;

"In harmony,

"Celestial harmony!

"All magic charms are found.

"Sound the trumpet, sound." 115

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SCENE II.

The Scene changes to the inside of a magnificent temple. King Celius and the British court. Men and women magnificently dressed in painted habits, after the ancient manner. The priests and Druids in their solemnities, seeming in confusion, replacing their idols, and setting their altars in order. Thunder and lightning. In the mean-time CONSTANTIUS, ORIANA, and CORISANDA, come forward.

CONSTANTIUS.

LOVERS consult not stars, nor search the skies,
But seek their sentence in their charmers' eyes.
Careless of thunder from the clouds that break,
My only omens from your looks I take.
When my Oriana smiles, from thence I date 120
My future hope, and when she frowns my fate.

ORI. Cease, Prince! the anger of the gods to move;
'Tis now become a crime to mention love:
Our holy men, interpreting the voice 124
Of Heav'n in wrath, forewarn th' ill-omen'd choice.

CON. Strange rules for constancy your priests devise,
If love and hate must vary with your skies.
From such vile servitude set Reason free;
The gods in ev'ry circumstance agree,
To suit our union, pointing out to me. 130
In this right hand the sceptre that they place
For me to guide was meant for you to grace.
Thou best and fairest of the beauteous kind!
Accept that empire which the gods design'd, 130
And be the charming mistress of mankind. 135

cor. Nuptials of form, of interest, or of state,
 Those seeds of pride, are fruitful in debate;
 Let happy men for generous love declare,
 And chuse the gentle virgin chaste and fair;
 Let women to superior fortune born 140
 For naked virtue all temptations scorn;
 The charm's immortal to a gallant mind,
 If gratitude cement whom Love has join'd;
 And Providence, not niggardly but wise,
 Here lavishly bestows, and there denies, 145
 That by each other's virtue we may rise.
 Weak the bare tie of man and wife we find,
 But friend and benefactor always bind.

The KING advances, followed by Priests and train.

KING. Our priests recover; 't was a holy cheat.
 Lead back the bride; the ceremonies wait. 150

ORI. What Heav'n forbids—

KING. —'T was ignorance of my will:
 Our priests are better taught; what now is ill
 Shall, when I please, be good; and none shall dare
 Preach or expound but what their king would hear.

[*Priests bow profoundly low.*
 Ere they interpret let 'em mark my nod. 156
 My voice their thunder, this right arm their god.

[*Looking sternly at them, they bow again as before.*
 Prince! take your bride.

ORI. 'T were impious now to suffer him my hand.
 [*Refusing her hand.*

KING. How dar'st thou disobey when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at tears, 161
A counterfeited qualm of bridal fears.

You'd see, could you her inward motions watch,
Feigning delay, she wishes for dispatch.
Into a woman's meaning would you look, 165
Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.
Priests, to your charge—back to your office go.

[Spoken with a stern imperious air. Priests retire, obsequiously bowing, as before.]

ORI. Th' obedience that is due, and which I owe,
Dread Sir! shall ever be observ'd by me:
It is not to dispute your high decree 170
That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore
One moment's short suspense. I own your power,
And I submit. Grant but this small delay,
And as the prince decides Oriana shall obey.

CON. I have no will but what your eyes ordain,
Destin'd to love, as they are doom'd to reign. 175

KING, *aside.* Into what hands, ye Gods! have ye
reign'd

Your world? Are these the masters of mankind?

These supple Romans teach our women scorn:

I thank ye, Gods! that I'm a Briton born. 180

Agree these trifles in a short debate. [To them.]

No more delays: I am not us'd to wait.

[King Caelius retires back into the temple.]

[The priests bow and retire.]

Oriana, Constantius, and Corisanda, *after a short pause.*

ORI. Your stars and mine have chosen you, to prove
The noblest way how generous men should love:
All boast their flames, but yet no woman found 185
A passion where self-love was not the ground:
Slaves we are made, by false pretences caught;
The Briton in my soul disdains the thought.

CON. So much, so tenderly, your slave adores, 189
He has no thought of happiness but your's. [prevail;

ORI. Vows may be feign'd, nor shall mere words
I must have proofs, but proofs that cannot fail.
By arms, by honour, and by all that's dear
To heroes, or expecting lovers, swear. 194

CON. Needs there an oath? and can Oriana say
Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey?

ORI. Prepare then, Prince! to hear a secret told }
Which shame would shun, and blushing I unfold, }
But dangers pressing, cowards will grow bold. 199 }
Know—then—I love.

CON. *eagerly.*] Can you command despair, yet love
confess,
And curse with the same breath with which you bless?

ORI. *disdainfully putting him off.*] Mistake me not—
That I do love is true;
But flatter not yourself; it is not you. 204

CON. *starting.*] Forbid it, Gods! recall the fatal breath
Which spoke that word; the sound is instant death.

ORI. Too late to be recall'd, or to deny;
 I own the fatal truth.—If one must die,
 You are the judge. Say, is it you—or I?

A MESSENGER from the temple.

MESS. The King is much displeas'd at this delay.

CON. *walking about in a passion.* And let him wait,
 while 't is my will to stay.

ORI. Bear back a gentler answer: we'll obey.

[Exit Mess.]

CON. Hence ev'ry sound that's either soft or kind;
 O for a war like that within my mind!
 Say, Flatt'rer! say, ah! fair Deluder! speak;
 Answer me this ere yet my heart shall break;
 Since thus engag'd you never could intend
 Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand?

ORI. To what a father and a king thinks fit,
 A daughter and a subject must submit.
 Think not from tyranny that love can grow;
 I am a slave, and you have made me so.
 Those chains which duty hath put on remove;
 Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

CON. Cruel Oriana! much you wrong my flame;
 To think that I could lay so harsh a claim.
 Love is a subject to himself alone,
 And knows no other empire but his own:
 No ties can bind which from constraint arise;
 Where either's forc'd all obligation dies.

O fatal law! requiring to resign
The object lov'd or hated, keep her mine.

[ORI. *soothingly.*] Accuse me not of hate; with equal
I judge your merit, and your virtue prize. [eyes
Friendship, esteem, be your's. Bereft before 235
Of all my love, what can I offer more?

Your rival's image in your worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him esteem in you.

Had your complaint been first, it might have mov'd;
He then had been esteem'd, and you belov'd, 240

Then blame me not, since what decides your fate
Is that you pleaded last, and came too late.

[COR. Hard fate of merit; Fortune holds the scale,
And still throws in the weight that must prevail.

Your rival is not of more charms possess'd;
A grain of better luck has made him bless'd.

[CON. *aside.*] To love, and have the power to possess,
And yet resign, can Nature yield to this?

Shall Nature, erring from her first command,
Self-preservation, fall by her own hand? 250

By her own act the springs of life destroy,
The principles and being of her joy?

Tormenting thought! Can Nature then approve
Blessings obtain'd by cursing whom we love?

Possessing she is lost—renouncing—
Where's then the doubt?—Die, die, Constantius, die.

Honour, and Love! ye Tyrants! I obey, [Aloud,
Where'er your cruel call directs my way,

To shame, to chains, or to a certain grave, 259
Lead on. Unpaying Guides!—behold your slave.

ORI. Tho' love be wanting to relieve your care,
Glory may make amends with fame in war.
Honour's the noblest chase; pursue that game,
And recompense the loss of love with fame:
If still against such aids your love prevails, 265
Yet absence is a cure that seldom fails.

CON. Tyrannic Honour! what amends canst thou
E'er make my heart by flattering my brow?
Vain race of fame, unless the conquest prove
In search of beauty to conclude in love: 270
Frail hope of aids! for time or chance to give
That love which spite of cruelty can live!
From your disdain since no relief I find,
I must love absent whom I love unkind;
Tho' seas divide us, and tho' mountains part, 275
That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
O! dire reverse of hope which I endure,
From sure possession to despair as sure!
Farewell, Oriana! yet, ere I remove,—
Can you refuse one tear to bleeding Love? 280
Ah, no! take heed—turn, turn those eyes away,
The charm's so strong I shall for ever stay.
Princess! rejoice—for your next news shall be 283
Constantius dies—to set Oriana free. [*Ex. feverally.*]

Did Horace hate, make hills and forests move,
Shall I—
P iii—

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene a thick-wooded forest, the trees loaded with military ensigns and trophies. A rich pavilion makes the point of view at the farther end.

ARCALAUS and ARCAEON.

ENCHANTRESS! say—wherefore such replies as these?

Thou answer'st Love, I speak of Amadis.

ARCAB. Swiftly he pass'd, and as in sport pursu'd

The savage herd, and scoured thro' the woods;

Tigers and wolves in vain his stroke withstand,

Cut down like poppies by the reaper's hand;

Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and strong;

Like Jove majestic, like Apollo young;

With all their attributes divinely grac'd,

And sure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

ARCAL. Who pass'd? who look'd?

ARCAB. — Ah! there's the fatal wound

Which tears my heartstrings—But he shall be found:

Yes, ye Infernals! if there's pow'r in art,

These arms shall hold him as he grasps my heart.

Shall I, who can draw down the moon, and keep

The stars confin'd, enchant the boist'rous deep,

Bid Boreas halt, make hills and forests move,

Shall I—

ARCAL. — Be made a whining fool to love?

Suspend these follies, and let rage surmount;
 A brother's death requires a strict account.
 To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,
 This moment, now, the murth'rer's in our power.
 Leave Love in cottages and cells to reign,
 With nymphs obscure, and with the lowly swain,
 Who waste their days and strength in such short joys
 Are fools, who barter life and fame for toys.

ARCAB. They're fools who preach we waste our
 days and strength.
 What is a life whose only charm is length?
 Give me a life that's short and wing'd with joy,

A life of love, whose minutes never cloy.
 What is an age in dull renown and drudg'ry?
 One little single hour of love is more.

An Attendant enters hastily, and whispers Arcalaus.

ARCAL. See it perform'd!—and thou shalt see
 Black minister of Hell!—a god to me.

He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught.
 Here Ardah fell, here on this fatal spot

Our brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious gore,
 The purple flood, which cries aloud for more.

Think on that image, see him on the ground;
 His life and fame both bury'd in one wound.

Think on the murth'rer, with insulting pride
 Tearing the weapon from his bleeding side:
 Oh! think——

ARCADE: What need these bloody images to move?
 Revenge I will, and would secure my love. 331
 Why should I of a frailty shameful be
 From which no mortal yet was ever free?
 Not fierce Medea, mistress of our art,
 Nor Circe nor Calypso, escap'd the smart. 333
 If hell has pow'r both passions I will please;
 My vengeance and my love shall both have ease.
 Lead on, Magician! make revenge secure;
 My hand's as ready, and shall strike as sure. [*They go off.*]

ORIANA and CORISANDA entering from the lower part of the scene.

ORI. Thrice happy they who thus in silent groves,
 From courts retir'd, possess their peaceful loves. 341
 Of royal maids how wretched is the fate,
 Born only to be victims of the state!
 Our hopes, our wishes, all our passions, ty'd
 For public use, the slaves of others' pride. 343
 Here let us wait the event, on which alone
 Depends my peace: I tremble till 't is known.

COR. So generous this emperor's love does seem,
 'T would justify a change to change for him. 349

ORI. Alas! thou knowest not men, their oaths and
 Of feigning truth, with treason in their hearts. [arts
 Who now's ador'd may the next hour displease,
 At first their cure, and after their disease.]

[*Flourish of music as in the far off.*]

COR. Oft' we have heard such airy sounds as these
Salute us as we pass. 355

Enter several of Arcalans' Magicians singing and dancing, representing shepherds, shepherdesses, and païsuns.

A Shepherd singing.

"Follow ye Nymphs and Shepherds all!

"Come celebrate this festival,

"And merrily sing, and sport, and play,

"For 't is Oriana's nuptial day."

A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses. Then a Shepherdess, addressing to Oriana, sings,

"Queen of Britain and of Love, 360

"Be happy as the bless'd above;

"Graces numberless attend thee,

"The gods as many blessings send thee,

"Be happy as the bless'd above,

"Queen of Britain and of Love!" 365

A rural dance of Païsuns, [Exeunt dancing.]

ORI. Prepost'rous nuptials! that fill ev'ry breast
With joy but only here who should be blest. 368

COR. Sure some magician keeps his revels here
Princes! retire; there may be danger near. 369

[Familiar soft music at a distance.]

LORE. What danger in such gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to Love, thrice-pow'rful Harmony!
I'll follow thee; play on—

Musick's the balm of love, it charms despair,
Suspends the smart, and softens ev'ry care.

[*Exeunt down the scene, following the music.*]

ARCALAUS *enters, with an attendant, observing them as they walk down into the forest.*

ARCAL. Finish the rest, and then be free as air.
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form so fair. 376
Happy beyond my wish, I go to prove
At once the joys of sweet revenge and love.

[*Walks down the scene after them.*]

Enter AMADIS and FLORESTAN.

AMAD. Mistake me not—No!—Amadis shall die
If she is pleas'd, but not disturb her joy. 380
Nice honour still engages to requir
False mistresses and friends with flight for flight:
But if, like mine, the stubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderness, the brave must feign
In private grief, but with a careless scorn 385
In public seem to triumph, not to mourn.

FLORE. Hard is the task in love or grief to feign;
When passion is sincere it will complain;
Doubts which from tumour rise you should suspend;
From evil tongues what virtue can defend? 390

In love who injures by a rash distrust
Is the aggressor, and the first unjust.

AMAD. If she is true, why all this nuptial noise,
Still echoing as we pass her guilty joys?
Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind 395
Trusts a frail bark with a tempestuous wind.

Thus to Ulysses, on the Stygian coast,
His fate inquiring, spake Atrides' ghost:

"Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
"Of ev'ry ill, a woman is the worst. 400

"Trust not a woman."—Well might he advise
Who perish'd by his wife's adulteries.

FLOR. Thus in despair what most we love we wrong;
Not Heav'n escapes the impious Athiest's tongue.

AMAD. Enticing crocodiles, whose tears are death;
Sirens, who murder with enchanting breath; 406
Like Egypt's temples, dazzling to the sight,
Pompously deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;
With glitt'ring gold and sparkling gems they shine,
But apes and monkeys are the gods within. 410

FLOR. My love attends with pain, while you pur-
This angry theme—I have a mistress too; [sue
The faultless form no secret stains disgrace,
A beauteous mind unblemish'd as her face,
Not painted and adorn'd to varnish sin, 415
Without all angel, all divine within;
By truth maintaining what by love she got;
A heav'n without a cloud, a sun without a spot.

AMAD. *embracing him.*] Forgive the visions of my
frantic brain;
Far from the man I love be all such pain. 420
By the immortal gods I swear, my Friend!
The Fates to me no greater joy could send
Than that your labours meet a prosperous end;
After so many glorious toils, that you
Have found a mistress beautiful and true. 425

ORIANA and CORISANDA *without.*

ORI. and COR. Help, help; oh! Heav'ns! help—

AMAD. ——— What cries are these?

FLOR. It seem'd the call of Beauty in distress.
Of savage beasts and men a monstrous brood
Possess this land— 430

ORI. and COR. ——— Help, help—

AMAD. ——— Again the cry's renew'd.

Draw both our swords, and fly with speed to save.
Th' oppress'd have a sure refuge in the brave.

[Exeunt, drawing their swords.]

*Oriana and Corisanda cross the stage, pursued by a party
of Arcalaus' Magicians.*

ORI. and COR. Help, help— 435

PARTY. Pursue, pursue—

*[Florestan crosses the stage, following the pursuit, Ar-
calaus fighting, and retreating before Amadis.]*

ARCAL. Thou runn'st upon thy fate, Mortal! for-
A more than mortal rules the regions here. [bear ;

AMAD. Think not my sword shall give the least
reprieve;

'Twere cruelty to let such monsters live. 440

*Florestan re-enters, retreating before another party; is
seized, disarmed, and carried off.*

ARCAL. Yet pause, and be advis'd; avoid thy fate;
Without thy life my vengeance is complete :
Behold thy friend borne to eternal chains;
Remember Ardan now, and count thy gains.

AMAD. Like Ardan's be thy fate, unpity'd fall;
Thus I'll at once revenge and free them all. 446

[*Fight; Arcalaus still retreating. A sudden sound of in-
struments expressing terror and horror, with thunder
at the sametime. Monsters and Demons rise from un-
der the stage, while others fly down from above, crossing
to and fro in confusion, during which the stage is dark-
ened. On a sudden a flourish of contrary music succeeds,
the sky clears, and the whole scene changes to a de-
lightful vale, Amadis appearing leaning on his sword
surrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who with
songs, music, and dances, perform the following en-
chantment.*

To be sung in full CHORUS.

" Love! creator Love! appear;

" Attend, and hear.

" Appear, appear, appear.

A single voice.

" Love! creator Love!

450

" Parent of heav'n and earth,

" Delight of gods above;

" To thee all Nature owes her birth,

" Love! creator Love!"

Another single voice.

" All that in ambient air does move,

455

" Or teems on fertile fields below,

" Or sparkles in the skies above,

" Or does in rolling waters flow,

" Spring from the seeds which thou dost sow,

" Love! creator Love!"

460

CHORUS.

" Better in love a slave to be,

" Than with the widest empire free."

Dance.

ODE TO DISCORD.

A single voice.

" When Love's away then Discord reigns :
 " The Furies he unchains,
 " Bids Æolus unbind 465
 " The northern wind,
 " That fetter'd lay in caves,
 " And root up trees, and plough the plains.
 " Old Ocean frets and raves,
 " From their deep roots the rocks he tears, 470
 " Whole deluges lets fly,
 " That dash against the sky,
 " And seem to drown the stars :
 " Th' assaulted clouds return the shock,
 " Blue lightnings finge the waves, 475
 " And thunder rends the rock.

" Then Jove usurps his father's crown,
 " Instructing mortals to aspire ;
 " The father would destroy the son,
 " The son dethrones the fire. 480
 " The Titans, to regain their right,
 " Prepare to try a second fight ;
 " Briareus arms his hundred hands,
 " And marches forth the bold gigantic bands.

" Pelion upon Ossa thrown, 485
 " Steep Olympus they invade,
 " Gods and giants tumble down,
 " And Mars is foil'd by Enceladæ.

" Horror, confusion, dreadful ire,
 " Daggers, poison, sword, and fire, 490 }
 " To execute the destin'd wrath conspire:
 " The Furies loose their snaky rods,
 " And lash both men and gods."

CHORUS repeat the last stanza.

Then SYMPHONY FOR LOVE.

A single voice.

" But when Love bids Discord cease,
 " The jarring seeds unite in peace; 495
 " O the pleasures past expressing!
 " O the rapture of possessing!
 " Melting, dying, heav'nly blessing!
 " O the rapture of possessing!
 " Hail to Love, and welcome joy! 500
 " Hail to the delicious Boy!
 " In Cyprus first the god was known;
 " Then wand'ring, wand'ring o'er the main,
 " He in Britannia fix'd his reign,
 " And in Oriana's eyes his throne." 505

A full CHORUS.

"Hail to Love, and welcome joy!

"Hail to the delicious Boy!

"See the sun from Love returning,

"Love's the flame in which he's burning.

"Hail to Love, the softest pleasure!

510

"Love and Beauty reign for ever."

Dance.

Then to be sung by a Shepherdess, addressing herself to Amadis.

"Now, Mortal! prepare,

"For thy fate is at hand;

"Now, Mortal! prepare

"And surrender;

515

"For Love shall arise,

"Whom no pow'r can withstand,

"Who rules from the skies

"To the centre.

"Now, Mortal! prepare,

520

"For thy fate is at hand;

"Now, Mortal! prepare

"And surrender.

CHORUS repeat.

"Now, Mortal! prepare, &c.

Qiii

During the Chorus ORIANA appears rising from under the stage, reposed upon a machine representing a bed of flowers. The Chorus ended she rises, and comes forward.

ORI. In what enchanted regions am I lost? 525
Am I alive? or wander here a ghost?
Art thou, too, dead? [*Starting at the sight of Amadis.*

AMAD. Where'er you are the realms of bliss must be;
I see my goddess, and 't is heav'n to see!

[*Throwing away his sword, is seized and bound.*
Stand off, and give me way— 530

ORI. ——— No, keep him there,
Th' ungrateful traitor! let him not come near:
Convey the wretch where Sisyphus atones
For crimes enormous, and where Tityus groans.
With robbers and with murd'ers let him prove 535
Immortal pains—for he has murder'd Love.

AMAD. Have I done this? ———

ORI. ——— Base and perfidious man!
Let me be heard, and answer if you can:
Was it your love when, trembling, by your side 540
I wept, and I implor'd, and almost dy'd,
Urging your stay?—Was it your love that bore
Your faithless vessel from the British shore?
What said I not upon the fatal night
When you avow'd your meditated flight? 545
Was it your love that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my heart?

See whom you fled, inhuman and ingrate!

Repent your folly—but repent too late.

AMAD. Mistaken Princess! By the stars above,
The pow'rs below, and by immortal Jove, 551
Unwilling and compell'd—

ORI. Unwilling and compell'd! Vain, vain pretence,
For base neglect and cold indifference.

Was it your love when by those stars above, 555
Those pow'rs below, and that immortal Jove,
You vow'd before the first revolving moon
You would return?—Did you return?—The sun
Thrice round the circled globe was seen to move,
You neither came nor sent—Was this your love?

AMAD. Thrice has that sun beheld me on your coast,
By tempests beaten, and in shipwrecks lost. 562

ORI. And yet you chose those perils of the sea,
Of rocks and storms—or any thing—but me.
The raging ocean, and the winter wind, 565
Touch'd at my passion, with my wishes join'd;
No image but of certain fate appear'd;
Less I your absence than your danger fear'd:
In vain they threaten'd, and I su'd in vain; 569
More deaf than storms, more cruel than the main;
No pray'r nor gentle message could prevail
To wait a calmer sky or softer gale:
You brav'd the danger, and despis'd the love,
Nor death could terrify, nor passion move.

AMAD. Of our past lives the pleasure and the pain
 Fix'd in my soul for ever shall remain; 576
 Recall more gently my unhappy state,
 And charge my crime not on my choice, but Fate.
 In mortal breast sure Honour never wag'd
 So dire a war, nor love more fiercely rag'd. 580
 You saw my torment, and you knew my heart;
 'Twas infamy to stay, 't was death to part.

ORI. In vain you'd cover with the thirst of fame,
 And Honour's call, an odious traitor's name.
 Could Honour such vile perfidy approve? 585
 Is it no honour to be true to love?

O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
 In Britain too some remnants found a place;
 From Brute descending in a line direct,
 Within these veins thy fav'rite blood respect: 590
 Mother of Love! by men and gods rever'd,
 Confirm these vows, and let this pray'r be heard.
 The Briton to the Gaul henceforth shall bear
 Immortal hatred and eternal war;
 Nor league nor commerce let the nations know, 595
 But seeds of everlasting discord grow;
 With fire and sword the faithless race pursue,
 'This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:
 Rise from our ashes some avenging hand
 To curb their tyrants, and invade their land; 600
 Waves fight with waves, and shores with shores en-
 And let our sons inherit the same rage. [gaze,

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AMAD. Might I be heard one word in my defence—

ORI. No, not a word. What specious forc'd pretence
Would you invent to gild a weak defence? 605

To false Æneas, when 't was giv'n by Fate
To tread the paths of Death, and view the Stygian
Forfaken Dido was the first that stood [state,

To strike his eye, her bosom bath'd in blood
Fresh from her wound: pale horror and affright

Seiz'd the false man; confounded at the sight, 611

Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint words he spoke,

Some tears he shed which, with disdainful look,

Unmov'd she heard and saw, nor heeded more

Than the firm rock when faithless tempests roar:

With one last look his falleness she upbraids, 616

Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal shades.

Lead me, O lead me! where the bleeding queen

With just reproaches loads perfidious men.

Banish'd from joy, from empire, and from light,

In death involve me, and in endless night, 621

But keep--that odious object--from my sight. [*Exit.*]

Enter ARCALAUS.

ARCAL. With her last words she sign'd his dying
breath;

Convey him straight to tortures and to death.

AMAD. Let me not perish with a traitor's name.

Naked, unarm'd, and single, as I am, 626

Loose this right hand—

ARCAL. Hence to his fate the valiant boaster bear,
[Sinks under the stage with him.]
 For him let our infernal priests prepare
 Their knives, their cords, and altars—But for her
 Soft beds, and flow'ry banks, and fragrant bow'rs,
 Music and songs, and all those melting pow'rs 632
 With which love steals on hearts, and tunes the mind
 To tenderness and yielding——
 Superior charms enchant us to be kind. *[Exit.]*
The Act concludes with dancing.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ARCALAUS and ARCABON meeting.

ARCALAUS.

WELCOME as after darkness cheerful light, 636
 Or to the weary wand'rer downy night.
 Smile, smile, my Arcabon! for ever smile,
 And with thy gayest looks reward my toil:
 That fullen air but ill becomes thee now; 640
 Seest thou not glorious conquest on my brow?
 Amadis, Amadis!——

ARCAB. Dead, or in chains? Be quick in thy reply.

ARCAL. He lives, my Arcabon, but lives to die:
 The gnawing vulture and the restless wheel 645
 Shall be delight to what the wretch shall feel.

ARCAB. Goddess of dire revenge, Erinnyes! rise;
 With pleasure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes;

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Smile like the queen of Love, and strip the rocks
 Of pearls and gems to deck thy jetty locks; 650
 With cheerful tunes disguise thy hollow throat,
 And emulate the lark and linnets' note;
 Let Envy's self rejoice, Despair be gay,
 For Rage and Murder shall triumph to-day.

ARCAL. Arise, O Ardan! from the hollow womb
 Of earth arise; burst from thy brazen tomb; 656
 Bear witness to the vengeance we prepare;
 Rejoice, and rest for ever void of care.

ARCAB. Pluto! arise; infernal King! release
 Thy tortur'd slaves, and let the damn'd have peace, }
 But double all their pains on Amadis. 661 }

ARCAL. Mourn, all ye heavens; above yon' azure
 Let grief abound, and lamentation reign, [plain
 The Thunderer with tears bedew his sky,
 For Amadis, his champion, is doom'd to die. 665

ARCAB. Death be my care; for, to complete his
 The slave shall perish by a woman's blow; [woe,
 Thus each by turns shall his dire vow fulfil:
 'Twas thine to vanquish, and 't is mine to kill.

ARCAL. So look'd Medea when her rival bride
 Upon her nuptial day consuming dy'd: 671
 O never more let love disguise a face
 By rage adorn'd with such triumphant grace!

ARCAB. In sweet revenge inferior joys are lost,
 And Love lies shipwreck'd on the stormy coast; 675

Rage rules all other passions in my breast,
 And, swelling like a torrent, drowns the rest.
 Should this curs'd wretch, whom most my soul abhors,
 Prove the dear man whom most my soul adores,
 Love should in vain defend him with his dart; 680
 Thro' all his charms I'd stab him to the heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter King CELIUS, CONSTANTIUS, LUCIUS a Roman,
 and a numerous attendance of Britons.*

KING. From contracts sign'd, and articles agreed,
 With British faith it suits not to recede:
 How may the world interpret such neglect,
 And on her beauty or her fame reflect? 685
 Roman! consider well what course you run;
 Resolve to be my pris'ner or my son.
 If this sounds rude, then know, we Britons flight
 Those supple arts which foreigners delight,
 Nor stand on forms to vindicate our right. 690 }

[*Exit King and attendants.*]

LUC. Happy extremity! Now, Prince! be blest'd,
 Of all you love and all you wish possess'd:
 No censure you incur, constrain'd to chuse,
 Possess'd at once of pleasure and excuse.

CON. If for myself alone I would possess, 695
 'Twere sensual joy, and brutal happiness.

When most we love, embracing and embrac'd,
 The particle sublime of bliss is plac'd
 In raptures that we feel the ravish'd charmer taste. }
 Orian! no—tho' certain death it be, 700
 I'll keep my word—I'll die or set thee free.
 Haste, Lucius! haste, sound loud our trumpets, call
 Our guard to arms; tho' few, they're Romans all.
 Now tremble, savage King! a Roman hand
 Shall ne'er be bound that can a sword command. 705

As they go off, re-enter King CELIUS, attended as before.

KING. Not to be found! she must, she shall be
 found;
 Disperse out parties, search our kingdoms round.
 Follow Constantius; seize him, torture, kill:
 Traitor! what vengeance I can have I will.
 Well have thy gods, O Rome! secur'd thy peace,
 Planted behind so many lands and seas, 711
 Or thou shouldst feel me, City! in thy fall,
 More dreadful than the Samnite or the Gaul:
 But to supply and recompense this want,
 Hear, O ye Guardians of our Isle! and grant 715
 That wrath may rise and strife immortal come
 Betwixt the gods of Britain and of Rome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Scene changes to a scene of tombs and dungeons, men and women chained in rows, opposite to one another. In the front of the captives Florestan and Corifanda. A magnificent monument erected to the memory of Ardan, with this inscription in large letters of gold:

"Revenge is vow'd; rest quiet, gentle Shade!

"The living shall be restless till 't is had."

A GUARD OF DEMONS. PLAINITIVE MUSIC.

To be sung by a captive King.

"Look down, ye Pow'rs! look down, 720

"And cast a pitying eye

"Upon a monarch's misery.

"Look down, look down.

"Avenge, avenge, avenge

"Affronted majesty. 725

"I who but now, on thrones of gold,

"Gave laws to kingdoms uncontroll'd,

"To empire born,

"From empire torn,

"A wretched slave, 730

"A wretched slave,

"Am now of slaves the scorn.

"Alas! the smiles of Fortune prove

"As variable as women's love.

By a captive Lover.

"The happiest mortals once were we, 735

"I lov'd Mira, Mira me;

"Each desirous of the blessing,

"Nothing wanting but possessing.

"I lov'd Mira, Mira me;

"The happiest mortals once were we. 740

"But since cruel Fates dis sever,

"Torn from love, and torn for ever,

"Tortures end me,

"Death befriend me:

"Of all pains the greatest pain 745

"Is to love, and love in vain."

By a captive Libertine.

"Plague us not with idle stories,

"Whining loves and senseless glories;

"What are lovers, what are kings,

"What at best but slavish things! 750

"Free I liv'd as Nature made me,

"No proud Beauty durst invade me,

"No rebellious slaves betray'd me;

"Free I liv'd as Nature made me.

"Each by turns, as sense inspir'd me, 755

"Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me.

"I alone have lost true pleasure,

"Freedom is the only treasure."

CHORUS of Demons.

" Cease, ye Slaves! your fruitless grieving.
 " No, no; 760
 " The powers below
 " No pity know.
 " Cease, ye Slaves! your fruitless grieving."

A dance of Demons insulting the prisoners.

FLOR. to COR. To taste of pain, and yet to gaze on
 To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree. [thee,
 Well may the brave contend, the wise contrive; 766
 In vain against their stars the destin'd strive.

COR. So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
 Fly chirping on, unmindful of the snare;
 Pursuing love, and wing'd with am'rous thought,
 The wanton couple in one toil are caught; 771
 In the same cage in mournful notes complain
 Of the same fate, and curse perfidious man.

A Captive.

O Heav'ns! take pity of our pains;
 Death is a milder fate than chains. 775

*A flourish of instruments of horror. ARCADON descends in
 a chariot drawn through the air by dragons, guarded by
 infernal Spirits. She alights and comes forward, armed
 with a dagger in her band.*

ARCAB. Your vows have reach'd the gods; your
 Have the same date—— [chains and breath
 Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.

He who so oft' has 'scap'd th' assaults of hell, 779 }
 Whom yet no charms could bind, no force could }
 By whom so many bold enchanters fell, [quell, }
 Amadis, Amadis! this joyful day
 Your guardian deity's himself our prey.
 From all their dungeons let our captives come,
 Idle spectators of their hero's doom. 785

Flourish of loud instruments of diverse sorts. Other dungeons open and discover more Captives. AMADIS chained to an altar, infernal Priests on each side of him, with knives uplifted ready for the sacrifice. Arcabon advancing hastily to stab him starts and stops.

ARCAB. Thou dy'st—What strange and what restless charm

With secret force arrests my lifted arm!
 What art thou, who with more than magic art
 Dost make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

AMAD. One who, disdaining mercy, sues to die;
 I ask not life, for life were cruelty. 791
 Of all the wretched, search the world around,
 A more unhappy never can be found.

Let loose thy rage, like an avenging god;
 Fain would my soul, encumber'd, cast her load. 795

ARCAB. *aside.*] In every line and feature of that face
 The dear enchanter of my soul I trace.
 My brother! had my father too been slain,
 The blood of my whole race should plead in vain.

The ties of nature do but weakly move; 800
The strongest tie of nature is in love.

AMAD. O Florestan! I see those chains with shame
Which I could not prevent—O stain to fame!
O honour lost for ever! Theseus fell,
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd still, 805
And freed his friend—What man could do—I did,
Nor was I overpow' red, but betray'd.

O my lov'd Friend! with better grace we stood
In arms repelling death, wading in blood
To victories: the manly limb that trod 810
Firm and erect beneath a treble load
Of pond'rous mail these shameful bonds disdains,
And sinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.

FLOR. Where shall the brave and good for refuge
When to be virtuous is to be undone? [run,

ARCAB. He spoke—and ev'ry accent to my heart
Gave a fresh wound, and was another dart. 817
He weeps! but redd'ning at the tears that fall,
Is it for these? be quick, and free them all.

Let ev'ry captive be releas'd from chains: 820
How is it that I love if he complains?

Hence ev'ry grief and ev'ry anxious care,
Mix with the seas and winds, breed tempests there:
Strike all your strings, to joyful measures move,
And ev'ry voice sound liberty and love. 825

[*Flourish of all the music. The chains at once fall off from
all the Captives. Arcabon frees Amadis herself.*

CHORUS of all the Captives.

"Liberty! liberty!"

A single voice.

"Arm, arm! the gen'rous Britons cry,

"Let us live free, or let us die;

"Trumpets sounding, banners flying,

"Braving tyrants, chains defying. 830

"Arm, arm! the gen'rous Britons cry,

"Let us live free, or let us die.

"Liberty! liberty!"

CHORUS repeat,

"Liberty! liberty!"

Another single voice.

"Happy life! all joys possessing, 835

"Clime resembling heav'n above,

"Freedom 't is that crowns thy blessing,

"Land of liberty and love!

"When thy nymphs, to cure complaining,

"Set themselves and lovers free, 840

"In the blessing of obtaining,

"Ah! how sweet is liberty!

Dance of Captives expressing joy for liberty.

Arcabon having freed Amadis, they come forward together, the rest standing in rows on each side of the theatre, bowing as they advance.

ARCAB. When rage like mine makes such a sudden
Methinks 't were easy to divine the cause. [pause,
The dullest warrior in a lady's face 845
The secret meaning of a blush may trace.

When short-breath'd sighs, and catching glances, sent
From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent,
Let glory share but not possess you whole;
Love is the darling transport of the soul. 850

AMAD. The lords of fate, who all our lots decree,
Have destin'd Fame no other chance for me :
My fullen stars in that rough circle move;
The happy only are reserv'd for love. 854

ARCAB. The stars which you reproach my art can
I can direct them to a kinder course. [force;
Trust to my charms, the present time improve;
Select and precious are the hours of love!
Unguarded see the virgin treasure stand,
Glad of the theft, to court the robbers' hand. 860
Honour his wonted watch no longer keeps;
Seize quickly, Soldier! while the dragon sleeps.

AMAD. Enchanting are your looks; less magic lies
In your mysterious art than in your eyes:
Such melting language claims a soft return; 865
Pity the hopeless flames in which I burn.

Fast b
I prize
ARC
Who f
Who f
And a
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Rejoic
Sublim
Whom
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But wh
Appro
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FLOR
For eve
COR.
From th

Fast bound already, and not free to chuse,
I prize the blessing fated to refuse.

ARCAB. *aside.*] Those formal lovers be for ever curst
Who fetter'd free-born Love with honour first; 870
Who thro' fantastic laws are Virtue's fools,
And against Nature will be slaves to rules.
Your captive friends have freedom from this hour;

[*To him.*

Rejoice for them, but for thyself much more:
Sublimar blessings are reserv'd for thee, 875
Whom Love invites to be possess'd of me.

The shipwreck'd Greeks, cast on *Ææa's* shore,
With trembling steps the dubious coast explore;
Who first arrive in vain for pity plead, 879
Transform'd to beasts, a vile and monstrous breed:
But when Ulysses, with superior mien,
Approach'd the throne where sat th' enchantress queen,
Pleas'd with a presence that invades her charms,
She takes the bold advent'rer in her arms,
Up to her bed she leads the conqu'ror on, 885
Where he enjoys the daughter of the Sun.

*She leads Amadis out. Florestan and Corisanda and
the released Captives only remain. Florestan and Co-
risanda run into each others' arms.*

FLOR. In this enchanting circle let me be
For ever and for ever bound with thee.

COR. Soul of my soul! and charmer of my heart!
From these embraces let us never part. 890

FLOR. Never, O never!—In some safe retreat,
 Far from the noise and tumults of the great,
 Secure and happy on each others' breast,
 Within each others' arms we'll ever rest: 894
 Those eyes shall make my days serene and bright,
 These arms thus circling round me bless the night.

[*Exeunt Flor. and Cor.*]

The remaining Captives express their joy for liberty by singing and dancing.

CHORUS of all the Captives together.

"To Fortune give immortal praise,
 "Fortune deposes, and can raise;
 "Fortune the captives' chains does break,
 "And brings despairing exiles back. 900
 "However low this hour we fall,
 "One lucky moment may mend all."

The Act concludes with variety of dances.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ARCAEON and ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

OF women tyrants 't is the common doom,
 Each haughtily sets out in Beauty's bloom,
 Till, late repenting, to redeem the past 905
 You turn abandon'd prostitutes at last:

ARC
 Rage b
 Why,
 Why is
 ARC
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 By dou
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 Yet 't i
 Why a
 There i
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 Who ha
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 That ar
 Thou V
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 Your co
 To mak

ARCAB. Who hate declares is sure of hate again ;
 Rage begets rage, disdain provokes disdain.
 Why, why, alas! should love less mutual prove ?
 Why is not love return'd with equal love ? 910

ARCAB. Blessings when cheap or certain we despise ;
 From sure possession what desire can rise ?
 Love, like ambition, dies as 't is enjoy'd,
 By doubt provok'd, by certainty destroy'd.

ARCAB. To govern love, alas! what woman can ?
 Yet 't is an easy province for a man. 916
 Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite ?
 There is a cure—I'd ask it—if I might.
 Forgive me, Brother! if I pry too far ;
 I've learnt my rival is your pris'ner here : 920
 If that be true——

ARCAB. —What thence would you infer ? [*Surlily.*

ARCAB. What but her death—When Amadis is free
 From hopes of her—there may be hope for me. 924

ARCAB. Thou cloud to his bright Juno—Fool!—
 Who has lov'd her ever descend to thee ? [*shall he*

ARCAB. Much vainer fool art thou—Where are those
 That are to tempt a princess to thy arms ? [*charms*
 Thou Vulcan to Oriana's Mars——

ARCAB. —But yet 930

This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.
 Your counsel comes too late, for 't is decreed,
 To make the woman sure the man shall bleed.

[*Exit surlily.*

ARCAB. First perish thou; earth, air, and seas,
 Confounded in one heap of chaos lie, [and sky,
 And ev'ry other living creature die! 936
 I burn, I burn, the storm that 's in my mind
 Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:
 Love and resentment, wishes and disdain,
 Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.
 Furies, Alecto! aid my just design; 941
 But if, averse to mercy, you decline
 The pious task, assist me, Pow'rs divine!
 Just gods, and thou, their king; imperial Jove,
 Strike whom you please, but save the man I love.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*The Scene changes to the representation of a fine garden,
 ORIANA sitting pensively in a pleasant bower towards
 the lower end of the scene. Soft music playing. ARCALAUS
 enters, addressing himself respectfully to her; she rises.
 They advance slowly towards the front of the stage, seem-
 ing in mute discourse till the music ceases.*

ARCALAUS and ORIANA.

ARCAL. Of freedom lost unjustly you complain,
 Born to command, where'er you come you reign:
 No fetters here you wear, but others bind, 948
 And not a prison but an empire find.

ORI. Death I expect, and I desire it too;
 'Tis all the mercy to be wish'd from you.

951

To die is to be free. Oh! let me find
A speedy death—that freedom would be kind.

ARCAL. Too cruel to suspect such usage meant,
Here is no death but what your eyes present: 955

O may they reign, those arbiters of Fate,
Immortal, as the loves which they create.

We know the cause of this prepost'rous grief,
And we should pity were there no relief:

One lover lost, have you not millions more? 960
Can you complain of want whom all adore?

All hearts are your's, ev'n mine, that, fierce and free,
Ranging at large, disdain'd captivity;

Caught by your charms, the savage trembling lies,
And prostrate in his chain for mercy dies. 965

ORI. Respect is limited to pow'r alone;
Beauty distress'd, like kings from empire thrown,
Each insolent invades—

How art thou chang'd! ah, wretched Princess! now,
When ev'ry slave that loves dares tell thee so? 970

ARCAL. If I do love the fault is in your eyes;
Blame them who wound, and not your slave who dies.
If we may love, then sure we may declare;
If we may not, ah! why are you so fair?

Who can, unmov'd, behold that heav'nly face, 975
Those radiant eyes, and that resistless grace?

ORI. Pluck out these eyes, revenge thee on my face;
Tear off my cheeks, and root up ev'ry grace;

Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly, 980
Thus may'st thou free thyself at once and me. 980

ARCAL. Such strange commands 't were impious to
I would revenge myself a gentler way. [obey ;
[Offering to take her hand, she snatches it away disdainfully.

ORI. Some whirlwind bear me from this odious
Earth open wide, and bury my disgrace : [place,
Save me, ye Pow'rs! from violence and shame, 985
Assist my virtue, and protect my fame.

ARCAL. *aside.*] Love with submission first begins in
But when that fails a sure reserve is force : [course,
The nicest dames, who our embraces shun,
Wait only a pretence—and force is one : 990
She who thro' frailty yields dishonour gains,
But she that 's forc'd her innocence retains :
Debtors and slaves for favours they bestow,
Invading we are free, and nothing owe :
No ties of love or gratitude constrain, 995
But as we like we leave—or come again.

It shall be so—
Since softer arguments have prov'd so vain, [To her,
Force is the last, resist it if you can.

[He seizes her, she breaks from him.

ORI. Help—help—ye Gods! 1000

ARCAL. Who with such courage can resist desire,
With what a rage she 'll love when raptures fire!
Behold in chains your vanquish'd minion lies,
And if for nothing but this scorn he dies.

AMADIS discovered in chains. Arcalaus advancing to stab him, ARCAHON enters in the instant, and offers to stab Oriana.

ARCAB. Strike boldly, Murd'rer! strike him to the ground, 1005

While thus my dagger answers ev'ry wound.

By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd!

Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?

ORI. Strike, my Deliv'rer! 't is a friendly stroke;
I shun thee not, but rather would provoke: 1010
Death to the wretched is an end of care,
But yet methinks he might that victim spare.

[Pointing to Amadis.

AMAD. Burst, burst these chains; just Gods! can you
On such distress like idle lookers-on? [look down
My soul till now no dangers could affright, 1015
But trembles like a coward's at this sight.

ARCAB. So passionate! but I'll revenge it here—

ARCAL. Hold, Fury!—or I strike as home—for—
bear—

[Arcabon offering to stab Oriana, Arcalaus does the same to Amadis: both withhold their blow.

Trumpets, kettle-drums, and warlike instruments of all kinds, resound from all parts of the theatre. URGANDA enters hastily with a numerous train. Arcalaus and Arcabon surprised, retire to the opposite side of the stage.

URG. To arms, to arms, ye Spirits of the air!
 Ye guardians of the brave and of the fair, 1020
 Leave your bright mansions, and in arms appear. }

*Warlike music sounds a charge; Spirits descend in clouds;
 some continue in the air playing upon instruments of
 war, others remain ranged in order of battle; others
 descend upon the stage, ranging themselves by Amadis,
 whom Urganda frees, giving him a sword. Oriana
 likewise is freed.*

ARCAE. Fly quick, ye Demons! from your black
 And try another combat with the gods; [abodes,
 Blue fires and pestilential fumes arise,
 And flaming fountains spout against the skies; 1025
 From their broad roots these oaks and cedars tear,
 Burn like my love, and rage like my despair,

*Trumpets sound on Arcabon's side, which are answer-
 ed on Urganda's. The Grove appears in an instant
 all in a flame; fountains from below cast up fire as in
 spouts; a rain of fire from above; the sky darkened;
 Demons range themselves on the stage by Arcalaus and
 Arcabon; other Demons face Urganda; Spirits in
 the air, martial instruments sounding from all parts
 of the theatre; Arcalaus advances before his party,
 with his sword drawn, to Amadis.*

ARCAE. Let Heav'n and Hell stand neuter, while
 On equal terms which of us two shall die. [we try

Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the head of their parties; a fight at the same time in the air, and upon the stage; all sorts of loud instruments sounding; Arcalaus falls; the Demons some fly away thro' the air, others sink under ground with horrible cries.

URG. Sound tunes of triumph, all ye Winds! and bear
Your notes aloft, that heav'n and earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun! shine out serene, and gay, 1032
And bright, as when the Giants lost the day.

Tunes of triumph, the sky clears, the Grove returns to its first prospect. A large ball of fire representing the figure of the sun descends gradually to the stage; Amadis approaching Oriana respectfully, Arcabon stands sullen and observing.

AMAD. to ORI. While Amadis Oriana's love pos-
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast, [sest, }
Not Jove, the king of gods, like Amadis was blest. }

ORI. While to Oriana Amadis was true, 1037 }
Nor wand'ring flames to distant climates drew, }
No heav'n, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana knew. }

AMAD. That heav'n of love, alas! is mine no more;
Braving those pow'rs by whom she falsely swore,
She to Constantius would those charms resign, 1042
If oaths could bind, that should be only mine.

ORI. With a feign'd falsehood you 'devade your part
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart; 1045

While by such ways you 'd hide a conscious flame.
The only virtue you have left is shame.

[Turning disdainfully from him.

AMAD. *approaching tenderly.*] But should this injur'd
vassal you suspect

Prove true—ah! what return might he expect?

ORI. *returning to him with an air of tenderness.*] Tho'

brave Constantius charms with ev'ry art

That can entice a tender virgin's heart, 1051

Whether he shines for glory or delight,

To tempt ambition or enchant the sight,

Were Amadis restor'd to my esteem,

I would reject a deity—for him. 1055

AMAD. Tho' false as wat'ry bubbles blown by }
Fix'd in my soul, and rooted in my mind, [wind, }
I love Oriana, faithless and unkind. }

O! were she kind, and faithful as she's fair,

For her alone I'd live—and die for her. 1060

URG. Adjourn these murmurs of returning love,
And from this scene of rage and fate remove.

Thy empire, Arcabon! concludes this hour; [To Arc.

Short is the date of all flagitious power:

Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'st living bear 1065

The torments of the damn'd in thy despair.

Where zephyrs only breathe in myrtle groves,

[To Ori. and Amad.

There will I lead you to debate your loves.

The machine representing the figure of the sun opens, and appears to be a chariot refulgent with rays, magnificently gilt and adorned, with convenient seats, to which Urganda conducts Oriana; Amadis following, Arcabon stops him by the robe.

ARCAB. What, not one look! not one dissembling
To thank me for your life, or to beguile [smile,
Despair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art, 1071
Hence from my sight for ever, and my heart.

[Letting go her hold with an air of contempt.

Back, Soldier! to the camp, thy proper sphere;
Stick to thy trade; dull hero! follow war.
Useless to women—thou mere image! meant 1075
To raise desire—and then to disappoint.

Amadis takes his place in Urganda's chariot, which rises gradually in the air, not quite disappearing till the close of Arcabon's speech.

So ready to be gone—Barbarian! stay.
He's gone, and love returns, and pride gives way.
O, stay! come back—Horror and hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!—Return, return; 1080
Eternal racks my tortur'd bosom tear,
Vultures with endless pangs are gnawing there, }
Fury! distraction!—I am all despair.
Burning with love, may'st thou ne'er aim at bliss,
But thunder shake thy limbs, and lightning blast thy
kiss,

While pale, aghast, a spectre I stand by,
 Pleas'd at the terrors that distract thy joy. 1087
 Plague of my life ! thy impotence shall be
 A curse to her worse than thy scorn to me. [Exit.

CHORUS.

First voice.

" The battle 's done, 1090
 " Our wars are over :
 " The battle 's done,
 " Let laurels crown
 " Whom rugged steel did cover.

Second voice.

" Let myrtles too 1095
 " Bring peace for ever ;
 " Let myrtles too
 " Adorn the brow
 " That bent beneath the warlike beaver.

A full CHORUS of all the voices and instruments.

" Let trumpets and tymbals, 1100
 " Let atabals and cymbals,
 " Let drums and hautboys give over ;
 " But let flutes
 " And let lutes
 " Our passions excite 1105
 " To gentler delight,
 " And every Mars be a lover."

Dances, with which the Act concludes.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Urganda's enchanted Palace.

The scenes are adorned and diversified with the several representations of the adventures and exploits of heroes and heroines; a large piece facing the front, representing their apotheosis, or reception among the gods.

AMADIS and ORIANA.

ORIANA.

IN my esteem he well deserves a part;
He shares my praise, but you have all my heart.
When equal virtues in the scales are try'd,
And justice against neither can decide;
When judgment thus perplex'd suspends the choice,
Fancy must speak, and give the casting voice.
Much to his love, much to his merit, is due,
But pow'rful inclination was for you. 1115

AMAD. Thou hast no equal, a superior ray,
Unrival'd as the light that rules the day.
Should Fame solicit me with all her charms,
Not blooming laurels nor victorious arms
Should purchase but a grain of the delight. 1120
A moment from the raptures of this night.

ORI. Wrong not my virtue, to suppose that I
Can grant to love what duty must deny;
A father's will is wanting, and my breast
Is rul'd by glory, tho' by love possess'd: 1125
Rather than be another's I would die,
Nor can be your's till duty shall comply.

AMAD. Hard rules! which thus the noblest loves
 To wait the peevish humours of old age! [engage
 Think not the lawfulness of love consists 1130
 In parents' wills, or in the forms of priests;
 Such are but licens'd rapes, which vengeance draw
 From heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
 Marriage the happiest bond of love might be,
 If hands were only join'd when hearts agree. 1135

*Enter URGANDA, CORISANDA, FLORESTAN, and
 attendants to Urganda.*

URG. Here faithful lovers to sure joys remove,
 The soft retreat of Glory and of Love,
 By Fate prepar'd, to crown the happy hours
 Of mighty kings and famous conquerors.
 Here, gallant Prince! let all your labours end;
 Before I gave a mistress, now a friend, 1141
 The greatest blessings which the gods can send.

[Presenting Florestan.]

AMAD. O Florestan! there was but thus to meet,
 Thus to embrace, to make my joys complete:
 The sight of thee does such vast transports breed,
 As scarce the ecstasies of love exceed. 1146

FLO. If beyond love or glory is a taste
 Of pleasure, it is sure in friendship plac'd.

ORI. My Corisanda too! *[Embracing her.]*
 Not Florestan could fly with greater haste 1150
 To take thee in his arms—O welcome to my breast,
 As to thy lover's—

COR. ——— O joy complete!
Bless'd day!

Wherein so many friends and lovers meet. 1155

FLOR. The storm blown over, so the wanton doves
Shake from their plumes the rain, and seek the
groves,

Pair their glad mates, and coo eternal loves.

AMAD. O Florestan! bless'd as thou dost deserve,
To thee the Fates are kind without reserve. 1160

My joys are not so full; tho' Love would yield,
Fierce Honour stands his ground, and keeps the field:

Nature within, seduc'd, in vain befriends,

While Honour with his guard of pride defends.

O Nature frail! and faulty in thy frame, 1165

Fomenting wishes Honour must condemn;

Or, O! too rigid Honour, thus to bind

When Nature prompts, and when Desire is kind.

Enter ARCADON, conducting CONSTANTIUS, her garments loose and hair dishevelled, seeming frantic. Constantius in deep mourning.

ARC. This, Roman! is the place: 't is magic ground,
Hid by enchantment, by enchantment found. 1170

Behold them at our view dissolve in fear;

Two armies are two lovers in despair.

Proceed, be bold, and, scorning to entreat,

Think all her strugglings feign'd, her cries deceit,

Kill him, and ravish her—for so would I, 1175

Were I a man—or rather let both die.

The rape may please—
 Each was disdain'd : to equal rage resign
 Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
 'Tis sweet to love; but when with scorn we meet,
 Revenge supplies the loss with joys as great. 1181

[A chariot descends swiftly, into which she enters at the following lines.]

Up to th' ethereal heav'ns, where gods reside,
 Lo! thus I fly to thunder on thy side.

[A clap of thunder. The chariot mounts in the air, and vanishes with her.]

con. Fly where thou wilt, but not to blest'd abodes,
 For sure where'er thou art there are no gods. 1185

Addressing himself to Oriana.

I come not here an object to affright,
 Or to molest, but add to your delight.
 Behold a prince expiring in your view,
 Whose life's a burthen to himself and you.
 Fate and the King all other means deny 1190
 To set you free but that Constantius die :
 A Roman arm had play'd a Roman part,
 But 't is prevented by my breaking heart.
 I thank ye, Gods! nor think my doom severe,
 Resigning life on any terms for her. 1195

URG. What cruel destiny on beauty waits,
 When on one face depends so many fates!

con. Make room, ye Decii! whose devoted breath
 Secur'd your country's happiness by death :

I come a sacrifice no less renown'd, 1200

The cause as glorious, and as sure the wound.

O Love! with all thy sweets let her be blest,

Thy reign be gentle in that beauteous breast:

Tho' thy malignant beams, with deadly force,

Have scorch'd my joys, and in their baneful course

Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up ev'ry source;

Ah! to Oriana shine less fatal bright, 1207

Cherish her heart, and nourish her delight;

Restrain each cruel influence that destroys,

Bless all her days, and ripen all her joys. 1210

Oriana weeps and shews concern. Amadis addressing himself to Constantius.

AMA. Were Fortune us'd to smile upon desert

Love had been your's; to die had been my part:

Thus Fate divides the prize; tho' beauty's mine,

Yet Fame, our other mistress, is more thine.

Constantius looking sternly upon him.

Disdain not, gallant Prince! a rival's praise, 1215

Whom your high worth thus humbles to confess

In ev'ry thing but love he merits less.

CON. Art thou that rival then? O killing shame!

And has he view'd me thus, so weak, so tame?

Like a scorn'd captive prostrate at his side, 1220

To grace his triumph, and delight his pride?

O! 't is too much; and Nature in disdain

Turns back from death, and, firing ev'ry vein,

Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.

The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,
 Shall bring you to the bridegroom you desire;
 And Honour, which so long has kept in doubt,
 Be better pleas'd to yield than to hold out. 1250

*[Flourish of all the music. The stage fills with Singers
 and Dancers, in the habits of heroes and heroines.]*

Urganda conducts Amadis, Oriana, &c. to a seat during the following entertainment.

First voice.

"Make room for the combat, make room,
 "Sound the trumpet and drum;
 "A fairer than Venus prepares
 "To encounter a greater than Mars:
 "The gods of desire take part in the fray, 1255
 "And Love sits like Jove to decide the great day.
 "Make room for the combat, make room,
 "Sound the trumpet and drum."

Second voice.

"Give the word to begin,
 "Let the combatants in; 1260
 "The challenger enters all glorious:
 "But Love has decreed,
 "Tho' Beauty may bleed,
 "Yet Beauty shall still be victorious."

CHORUS.

"Make room for the combat, make room, 1265
 "Sound the trumpet and drum."

T ij

Here two parties enter from the opposite sides of the theatre, armed at all points, marching in warlike order, and then dance several Pyrrhic or martial dances with swords and bucklers; which ended, the Singers again advance.

To be sung.

" Help! help! th' unpractis'd conqu'ror cries;
 " He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah, me! he dies.
 " Gently she tries to raise his head,
 " And weeps, alas! to think him dead. 1270
 " Sound, found a charge—it's war again;
 " Again he fights, again is slain:
 " Again, again, help! help! she cries;
 " He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah, me! he dies."

Dance of heroes and heroines; then Singers again come forward.

To be sung.

" Happy pair! 1275
 " Free from care,
 " Enjoy the blessing
 " Of sweet possessing;
 " Free from care,
 " Happy pair. 1280
 " Love inviting,
 " Souls uniting,
 " Desiring,
 " Expiring,

" Enjoy the blessing

1285

" Of sweet possessing;

" Free from care,

" Happy pair!"

*Another dance of heroes and heroines; then a full CHORUS
of all the voices and instruments.*

" Be true all ye Lovers! whate'er you endure;

" Tho' cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure! 1290

" In the hour of possessing

" So divine is the blessing,

" That one moment's obtaining

" Pays an age of complaining.

" Be true all ye Lovers! whate'er you endure; 1295

" Tho' cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure!"

*Here follows variety of dances; with which the entertain-
ment concluding, Amadis, Oriana, &c. rise and come
forward.*

AMA. So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the skies,

The clouds disperse, and gloomy horror flies,

Darkness gives place to the victorious light,

And all around is gay, and all around is bright. 1300

ORI. Our present joys are sweeter for past pain;

To love and heav'n by suffering we attain.

URG. Whate'er the virtuous and the just endure,

Slow the reward may be, but always sure. 1304

*A triumphant flourish of all the instruments, with which the
play concludes.*

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THE END.

